POINTS IN THE CURRENCY PROBLEM. By David A. Wells.—[See Page 1057]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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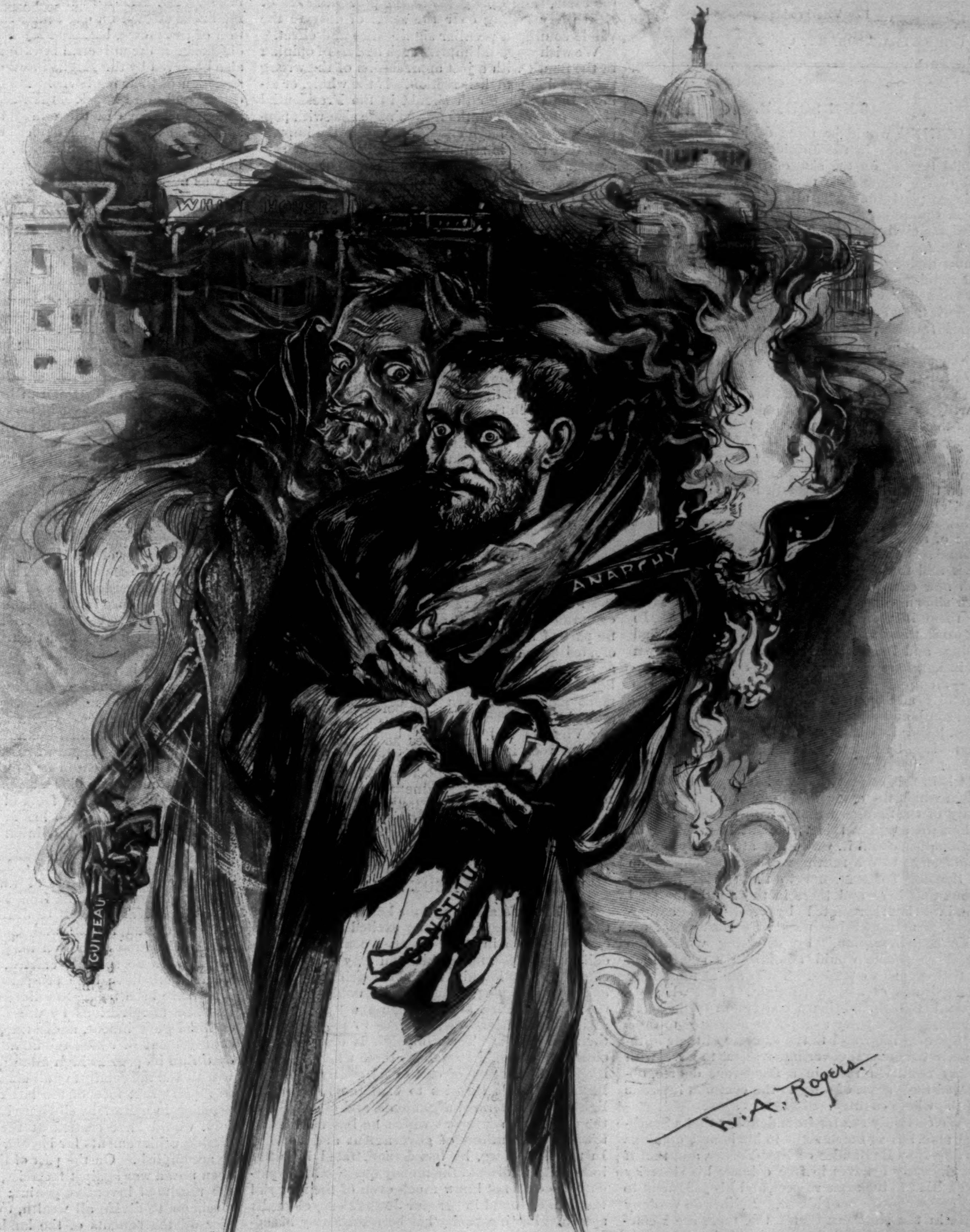
WHITE HOUSE
ANARCHY
CONSTITU
GUITEAU
W. A. Rogers.

1881–1897.

GUITEAU WAS A POWER IN WASHINGTON FOR ONE DAY. SHALL ALTGELD BE A POWER THERE FOR FOUR YEARS?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

THE SOUTH.

NOTHING would be more deplorable than the appearance in the Presidential election of a "solid South" on the side of free silver coinage and of the anarchistic tendencies lurking in the Chicago platform. The alienation of feeling between the South and the North, which long preceded the civil war, was fired to fever-heat by that conflict, and then lingered for many years after it, is now rapidly vanishing. The frequent and cordial reunions of Union and Confederate veterans have done much to extinguish the bitterness of war memories; and since such demonstrations of returned fraternal feeling have culminated in the nomination by the sound-money Democrats of a Union general and a Confederate general as candidates for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency on the same ticket—a combination which has been heartily applauded all over the country—it would seem that the long-interrupted political confidence between the two sections, which, after such fierce estrangements, was naturally slow to revive, is now coming back. Also, the business co-operation between the North and the South has grown to very gratifying proportions as the feverish commotions following the civil war yielded to a well-ordered state of society. While the Southern people put themselves to the rebuilding of their shattered fortunes and to the development of their resources with new energy, Northern capital and enterprise have shown constantly increasing willingness to aid them in their task for common benefit. In one word, the old apprehension that the South had feelings and interests and aspirations of her own not in harmony with those of the rest of the country—an apprehension which in the past has so banefully affected the relations between the sections south and north of Mason and Dixon's line—is fast losing its disturbing influence, and will, unless revived by untoward events, soon vanish altogether.

It is in this respect that we look upon the manner in which the free-coinage question is treated in many of the Southern States with especial regret. When we say that this treatment has a flavor of sectionalism about it, we do not attach any undue importance to the rantings of such a demagogue as Senator Tillman, nor to the stories floating about that here and there in the South the gold standard is represented by cross-road stump-speakers as something peculiarly Northern, as a "Yankee invention," by defeating which the Southern people would administer a smart kick to their ancient enemies. These are at most silly excrescences of a political fight. But what we mean is that the Southern conception of the regular Democratic party as a power necessary to their self-preservation and to the exercise of their influence in the general government seems to have, with many Southern men, in a dangerous degree, obscured their sense of duty to the common interests of the whole country.

We certainly are far from denying that a Southern man has as much right to his honest opinions as any New-Englander or New-Yorker, and that if he sincerely believes in free coinage his sincerity is entitled to the same respect, and his judgment to no greater measure of blame. Neither do we deny that in the Northern States, too, there are Democrats who sacrifice their true convictions concerning free coinage and law and order to the advantage they expect to derive from the preservation of their "regular" standing in the party. In the North, however, such Democrats belong almost exclusively to the class of selfish politicians who are known to regard politics only as a game for spoil or personal advancement, while almost every Democrat of generally respected public standing in the Northern States has openly repudiated the Chicago platform, and either advocates the election of Mr. McKinley or has joined the sound-money Democracy. In the South, on the other hand, especially in the cotton States, many of the Democratic leaders of high character who are known to hold sound-money opinions, and a large number of the Democratic newspapers which have so far taught sound-money doctrines, have, in spite of their real convictions as to the public interest, promptly given up their fight against what they had long denounced as a great public danger, and now help the "regular organization" in doing its nefarious work. It is the quick surrender of many such men and such newspapers that looks very much like the old Southern way of "going with the State," and thus gives to the predominance of local party feeling over the sense of duty to the whole country a peculiar significance and effect.

We wish we could impress such leaders of opinion in the South with a just appreciation of the wrong they are doing to their section. If the whole, or almost the whole, South should in the Presidential election be found on the free-coinage side, with popular majorities large enough to create the impression that there is still a provincial feeling of separate interests prevailing in the South so overruling as to make the courage of public men quail before it, and that, therefore, the South is still to be regarded as the dangerous part of the Union, it will be their fault. By manfully maintaining their convictions of right and public duty they would, perhaps, not have succeeded in turning the vote of their States; but they would in every one of them have secured a sufficient following to show that the South is at last delivered of that sinister power of a despotic local opinion which in former times used to subjugate the best intelligence and character of that part of the country. They would have helped much toward entirely clearing away the misgivings still lingering here and there as to the mischief which the South, under the domination of such a party spirit, may still be capable of—misgivings which stand in the way of complete confidence. In this respect the patriotic and courageous Southern Democrats who resolutely rose up against the Chicago platform, who declared themselves determined to defeat the candidates nominated upon it by whatever honorable means, even, if need be, by voting for Mr. McKinley, and who thus broke the spell of provincial party spirit, are the best friends the new South ever had. They are doing eminent service in inspiring all parts of the country with the feeling that there exists among them a real communion of interest and of sentiment. And to no part of the country will the mutual confidence created by such a feeling be more helpful, morally as well as materially, than to the South. It is a hopeful sign that this courageous conscience movement among Southern Democrats has not only gained great strength in the border States, including Virginia and Tennessee, but that it has also thrown root in such States as Texas, Louisiana, and South Carolina. All the more is it to be regretted that on the Democratic roll of honor the names of so many prominent men are missing, who would stand in the first rank had they had the patriotic spirit to obey their true convictions.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. BRYAN.

Mr. Bryan's speaking tour has ceased to attract the attention that its novelty excited when he was carrying it on in "the enemy's country." One daily newspaper, not of his own way of thinking, continues to follow him up and to reprint his phrases and assertions, his prophecies that would surely turn out false, and his attacks upon the "gold-bugs," and upon Democrats who refuse to prefer him to their principles. The campaign is drawing to a close, and it would be well for those who have been inclined to approve of or to deal gently with Mr. Bryan and his theories to examine him in the light of his reiterated arguments, and especially of the spirit and sentiment which he has manifested towards institutions of government and society. In the first place, he has demonstrated his utter incapacity to discuss the money question. Apparently he does not know much even of the material that can be found in Senator Jones's encyclopædic speech. His incapacity has been shown by his adherence to two self-contradictory statements, one being that the free coinage of silver will create money that will be more easily obtained because it will be cheaper than gold, the other statement being that the free coinage of silver will at once raise the price of silver bullion to $1 29 an ounce, at which price our silver dollar would be equal in value to our gold dollar. Of course both of these propositions cannot be true, but Mr. Bryan either does not know this, or, knowing it, does not care. That he is capable of deliberate misrepresentation has been shown by the Weekly. He has stated more than once that, as a result of the law of 1873, the amount of money in circulation in this country has decreased, whereas it has doubled; while the money in existence has trebled, and exceeds the sum which business demands by nearly $900,000,000.

Mr. Bryan has denounced the "gold-bugs" for permitting England to legislate for this country concerning money, saying that the gold standard is an English device. Rational men know that it is a device which has grown up out of the requirements of modern commerce, and of the intimate international relations that commerce has established. Mr. Bryan might as wisely denounce the fog-horns erected on our seaboards for the protection of commerce, because they are constructed in obedience to the universal laws of sound, which are also observed by the English authorities in the construction of their fog-horns. No ignorance can be deeper and more hopeless than that which permits a man to believe in the outcry against the gold standard as an English device, that is therefore hostile to American institutions; and, in our opinion, no intelligent demagogue would utter it unless he was moved thereto by the necessities of a desperate canvass, and was possessed of a deep-seated contempt for the intelligence of his audiences.

These are examples of Mr. Bryan's "arguments." He has also declared that low prices are a curse to the country; that wage-earners will be benefited by raising prices and cheapening the money in which they are paid for their labor. These of course are not arguments; they are simply untruthful assertions. When Mr. Bryan began his oratorical journeyings he was convinced that the price of wheat was low because it invariably followed the price of silver; but he has not explained, as yet, how this can be true in view of the fact that since the early part of July the price of wheat has risen from thirteen to sixteen cents a bushel, while silver has not been able to hold its own, the price having fallen about four cents an ounce.

Mr. Bryan has appeared before the people of the country as a man with a mission. One of his Western admirers, at the beginning of the campaign, gave expression to the blasphemous and sacrilegious view of the Populist candidate in calling him "the second Son of Man." Such an abnormally exaggerated idea of their own or their leader's importance is not uncommon to men whose imaginations have become over-excited by the conditions in which they find themselves, and which they have often created, although it may not be true that they have passed the line that divides the sane from the insane because they have manifested some symptoms of madness. Mr. Bryan evidently fancies that he speaks with the authority of a prophet, and expects his foreknowledge to be taken for granted by the people whose votes he seeks, for he gives them no reason or proof of the truth of his predictions, while his assertions and statements are easily disproved by facts of history that are known to every one who has any right whatever to give expression to an opinion on the subject of money.

Mr. Bryan belongs to an order of men that is at least as old as the art of writing. From St. Basil to Henry George, from Louis Blanc, Lassalle, and Karl Marx to Jules Guesde, William Jennings Bryan, and Governor Altgeld, men of this kind have been imagining human sorrows where no sorrows existed, human suffering where there have been prosperity and happiness. They have been trying to relieve the woes conjured by their imaginations by war on the systems of civilized government, under the protection and encouragement of which the human race has developed into its present high estate; under which, too, wealth and the comfort of all classes have increased so rapidly that men of the last century, if all this progress in material well-being had then been foretold, would have scoffed at the prophet for predicting achievements far beyond the power of man to accomplish. On the part of the socialists it has been now a war against factories, now a battle with the results of inventive genius; again it has been a scheme to divide all wealth, to give to the occupier all the benefits of the land, and to deny the owner any benefits whatever; now the theory has been that men would be happier if the State should own the land or confiscate the rents; again it is declared that the institution of marriage is an evil, or that men would better fulfil their destinies if they called one another "brother"; now the farmer is to be able to borrow money of the government on his growing crops to the amount of 80 per cent. of their market value, and then again the government is to lend every citizen ten dollars or more whenever his necessities may require. Some of the schemes are mad enough to excite laughter, like a few of the extravagances of the Ocala platform; but others, like many of the declarations of the programmes adopted at the Congress of Basle in 1869, or at the Congress of Gotha in 1875, are more menacing. Out of the socialist movement, which has grown stronger or more noisy since its half-educated orators and writers enjoy the freedom of the press and of speech, have come crude laws in some parts of this country, which have resulted in the exclusion of capital from the States that have adopted them, and in consequent loss of population. In Europe there have come societies of anarchists, bomb-throwing, assassinations, and finally the "International," which is endeavoring to teach the working-men that their class everywhere ought to be dearer to them than their country. At the basis of it all is the jealousy felt by those who do not prosper of those who do. All these movements, which began to gather strength in Europe with the French Revolution, but whose doctrines were taught by some of the early fathers of the Church, are, in their essence, war on capital, and on government which protects and fosters both capital and labor.

Mr. Bryan is of this movement. He may not know it, but socialism, whose finest fruitage is anarchy and murder, is the philosophy of his candidacy and campaign. Beyond his feeble and ignorant presentation of his money heresy lies the deep abyss of socialism, into which, consciously or unconsciously, he is inviting the American people to plunge.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

Next to the overwhelming defeat of Bryan, a strong sound-money majority in Congress is the best guarantee of peace and prosperity that American voters can give themselves and their country. The campaign of education that has been going on since the nomination of Bryan has been very fruitful. It has opened the eyes of hundreds of thousands of voters to the danger, of which the Chicago convention was the most striking symptom, but which lay much deeper than the symptom. Ever since Congress assumed control of the currency of the country there have been "crazes" of inflation. The Greenback movement of 1872, the "Ohio idea," the Bland silver bill:—all these things are plainly the consequence of the legal-tender act, sustained first as a war measure, and continued without the justification of necessity in time of peace.

Until this is done away with we cannot be assured against a recurrence of the crazes, of which the latest is the greatest. It is idle to pretend that the defeat of Bryan will of itself avert the danger of Bryanism, which is the danger of Pefferism, Weaverism, "Old Bill Allen"-ism, and Coxeyism. So long as Congress acts as the Board of Directors of a national bank, and assumes, under the power of regulating the value of coins, the power to regulate the volume of money, so long will these troubles recur. That is what comparatively few people clearly perceived three months ago, and what the great majority of educated men and of men of business have come clearly to perceive now. Congress must undo its own mischief, and "take the government out of the banking business," or Congress will be under a constant temptation to please constituencies more ignorant than their representatives by issues and reissues of greenbacks, silver certificates, and what not, whenever the "per capita" is not satisfactory to a few importunate constituencies of a few importunate representatives.

It is noteworthy that the only one of the platforms that is clear and decided upon this point is that of Indianapolis, and that is in great part because it is the latest. If the Republicans had waited to nominate McKinley until Palmer and Buckner were nominated, it is quite certain that they would have made some more comprehensive deliverance than they did make upon the currency, and would have gone nearer to the root of the evil. It is one of several ample justifications for the independent action of the sound-money Democrats that their convention was enabled to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in the financial plank of its platform. As its candidates would not have been the same men if there had been any hope of their election, so neither would its platform have been the same if it had been made by selfish politicians with the view of conciliating everybody. Nothing could have been better than the platform regarded as the platform of men who were building for the future. In 1900 we may expect that upon such a plank the candidates of both the great parties will stand.

But in the mean time it is of the first necessity that the majority in Congress shall consist not merely of men pledged to the gold standard and pledged against "doing something for silver," but of men who are prepared to take the first steps away from the mistaken system that we hastily adopted as a makeshift in time of war, and afterwards inexcusably fastened upon ourselves in time of peace. It is of the utmost importance that the next Congress shall make a beginning of taking the government out of the banking business. It is possible, but it is hardly probable, that the silver Senators will be, after the election, in as contumacious a frame of mind as that in which they showed themselves in the last session. But whether they are or not, it is equally to be desired that the House shall agree upon and submit some feasible substitute for what the Indianapolis platform calls "the present patch-work system" of our currency.

The candidate for Congress of the sound-money Democrats in the Second District of New York, Mr. Redfield, has indicated his position upon this question by reciting in his letter of acceptance the financial plank of that platform. He could not have made his position plainer, nor better commended himself to voters whose votes will be determined by their belief in a sound and stable currency. Such voters throughout the country ought to require of the men who solicit their votes for Congress an equally explicit pledge. Only by the fulfilment of the demand of the Indianapolis platform can the country be delivered, not only from the present peril of a half-dollar dollar, but from the recurrence of like perils hereafter.

A VOTE FOR BRYAN A VOTE FOR POVERTY.

There is absolutely no reason why a farmer, or a wage-earner, or a man of fixed income should vote for Mr. Bryan on the money issue unless he has proved to him that the free coinage of silver by this country alone at the ratio of 16 to 1 will make him more prosperous. But it is a fact which is known to all men who have listened to and read Mr. Bryan's speeches that the Chicago and Populist candidate has not suggested a single reason nor offered a single argument in support of the proposition that farmers or wage-earners or men of fixed incomes will be benefited by a change. This alone would be an ample reason why all such persons should refuse to accept Mr. Bryan as a counsellor and guide, and should vote against him.

But there are reasons besides this inability of Mr. Bryan to support his assertions, which we shall briefly present—some facts drawn from the universal experience of the world—that contradict Mr. Bryan.

1. If we have free coinage we shall have silver monometallism, and the one metal instead of the two as we have now, because gold will be undervalued, and will not be used as money so long as men have a cheaper money to use. The two metals are now kept equal to one another by the government.
2. The cheaper dollar is worth only a little more than half a full dollar at the proposed ratio of 16 to 1. It will probably become cheaper in the end if free coinage is adopted, although at first it may rise a trifle in value. But whether it rise or fall, it will probably never be worth a full dollar. It will doubtless continue to be a cheat, and will be inevitably followed by a flood of irredeemable paper.
3. Prices of commodities will continue to be stated in the measure of value of the world; that is, in gold. If wheat is worth 75 cents a bushel, the farmer will receive about $1 50 in silver, but his $1 50 will not buy for him so much as the 75 cents will buy to-day, because the prices of manufactured articles increase, when money is depreciated, much more rapidly than the prices of farm products.
4. When money is cheap, labor receives less for its work. The rate of wages may advance, but so slowly, and eventually so much less than the prices of commodities that all must buy, that the wage-earner is the greatest sufferer from cheap money, except the man with a fixed income.

The proof of these propositions is furnished by the experience of our own and other governments. There is not a silver country which uses gold. There is not a gold-standard country which does not use silver. In the United States, under what Mr. Bryan says was the "good old" free-coinage system, and which lasted from 1792 to 1873, there was coined only $8,000,000 in silver dollars. Since then our stock of full legal-tender silver has increased, until it amounts to nearly $550,000,000. But the silver dollar is inconvenient, and we use paper representatives of it. Chile has had a recent experience with silver money. We learn from the report of Mr. Strobel, our minister to that country, that silver drove gold out of Chile in 1874 and 1875. Then came the flood of paper, the paper circulation increasing from 4,635,000 pesos in 1869 to 67,592,344 in 1891. In 1875 the silver peso was worth 43¾ pence; in 1895 it was worth only 17 pence. In Mexico the silver dollar of the country, which contains more silver than our own dollar, passes for about 50 cents. In 1864, $100 in gold was worth $203 of our own paper money.

What is the effect of this on the economy of living? In Chile a carpenter earned 3 pesos a day in 1875, and in 1895 he might have earned 5 pesos. His 3 pesos bought him nearly $3 worth of goods; and his 5 pesos bought him goods worth about $1 70. In Mexico the skilled laborer is paid about $2 a day, but bacon and ham cost 32 to 36 cents a pound; flour, $6 60 a hundred pounds; butter, from 50 to 75 cents a pound. A like state of things exists in Japan and China. In our own country, when we had a depreciated paper, the price of agricultural products increased 94 per cent. from 1860 to 1865, but the price of clothing increased about 200 per cent., the price of fuel and lighting 137 per cent., and of miscellaneous articles 102 per cent. Meanwhile wages increased only 43 per cent.

Under the present monetary system of this country the purchasing power of wages increased from 88 in 1840 to 174 in 1891, while during the years when our currency was depreciated the purchasing power of wages fell from 100 to 66.

These facts have not been controverted. They cannot be. They prove that every farmer and wage-earner and every recipient of a fixed income who votes for Mr. Bryan will deliberately vote to make himself poorer.

WHO WILL PROFIT BY SILVER?

There must be thought to be pecuniary good for some one in the free coinage of silver. It will give to the $140,000,000 paid in pensions a purchasing power of about $70,000,000; it will make the $1,810,597,023 deposited in the savings-banks worth about half that amount; it will cut in two the wages of the working-men, and the life-insurance that constitutes the whole property of many thousands of widows and orphans; it will decrease the value of the securities held by life-insurance companies and savings-banks in trust for their policy-holders and depositors; it will bring on a panic, and will continue the distressful times under which we have been suffering since the silver agitation began.

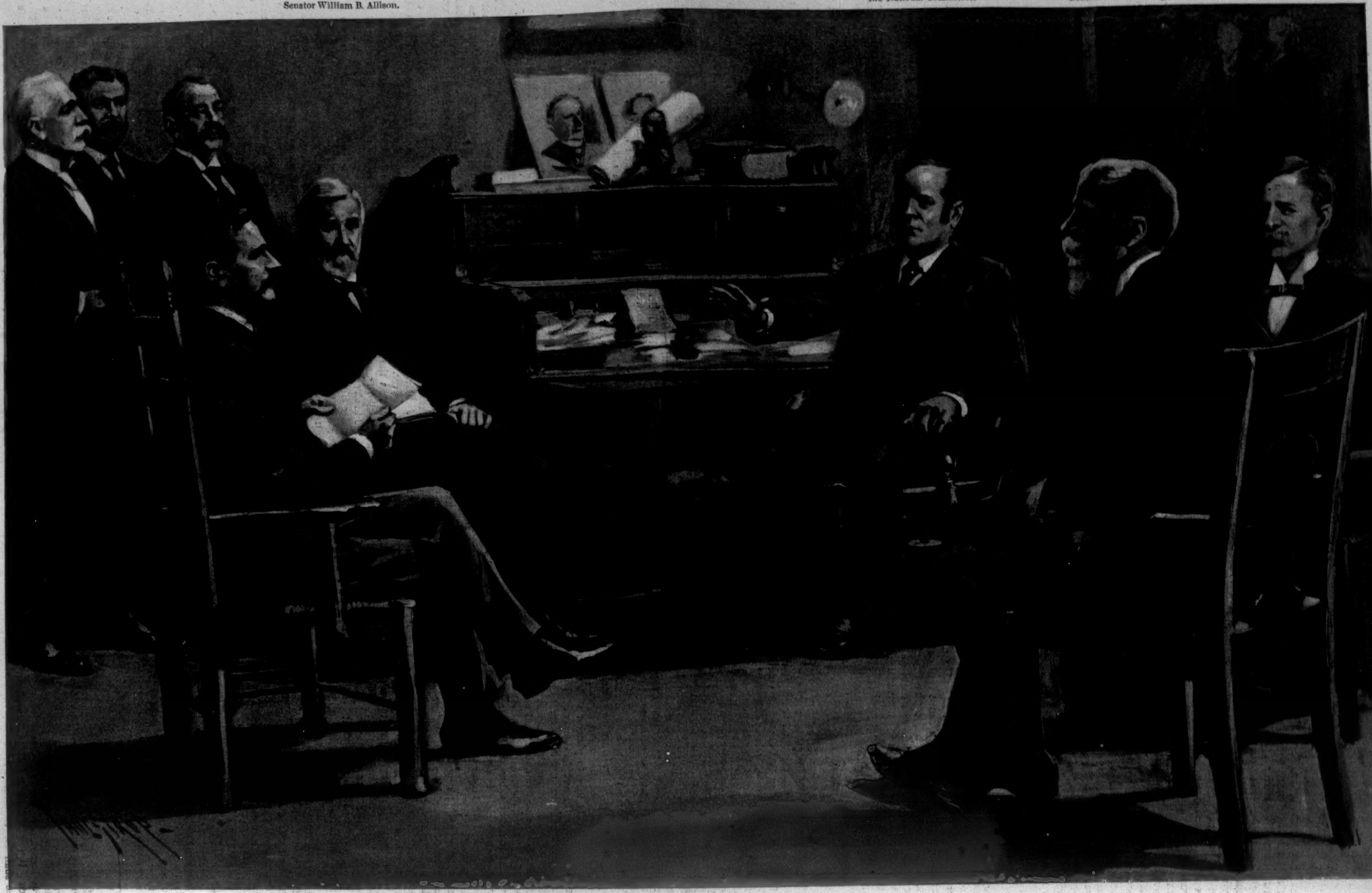
Who is to profit by it? Mr. Bryan and his friends say the debtors. None but dishonest debtors want their debts scaled down fifty cents on the dollar by the law; and besides, the debtor class is very small, and it can hardly be the serious contention of Mr. Bryan or any one else that the country should dishonor itself in order to help these people cheat their creditors. So far as we can determine, the silver-mine-owners are the only persons who will greatly profit by the proposed change of our money standard. They are mining their ore at a low price, and selling it at a large profit at present market rates. Consequently their mines are paying large dividends. One mine-owner has confessed that at 65 cents an ounce bullion sells for about double the cost of its production at his mine. But the mine-owner would prefer to have the government turn his bullion into dollars at $1 29 an ounce rather than to sell it at 65 cents in the market, even if his profit at the latter price should be nearly 100 per cent. However, his increased profit would not last long, for he would soon discover that his pretended dollar was only 50 cents in fraudulent disguise. In the words of Mr. Bourke Cockran, "he would find himself cheated with the rest."

Nevertheless, it is clear that the silver-mine-owners are interested pecuniarily in the success of Mr. Bryan. Their wealth is enormous. It has been estimated at $550,000,000. They have spent vast sums to make the nation a tender to the mining-camp States, and to spread abroad the heresies of free silver coinage. They have shown themselves willing to corrupt the Legislatures of States and the Congress of the United States. They have proved that they are ready and eager to debase the standard of value. They have nominated Mr. Bryan on their own account. Why should it be strange if, as has been charged, they have raised a great corruption fund for the purpose of electing him?

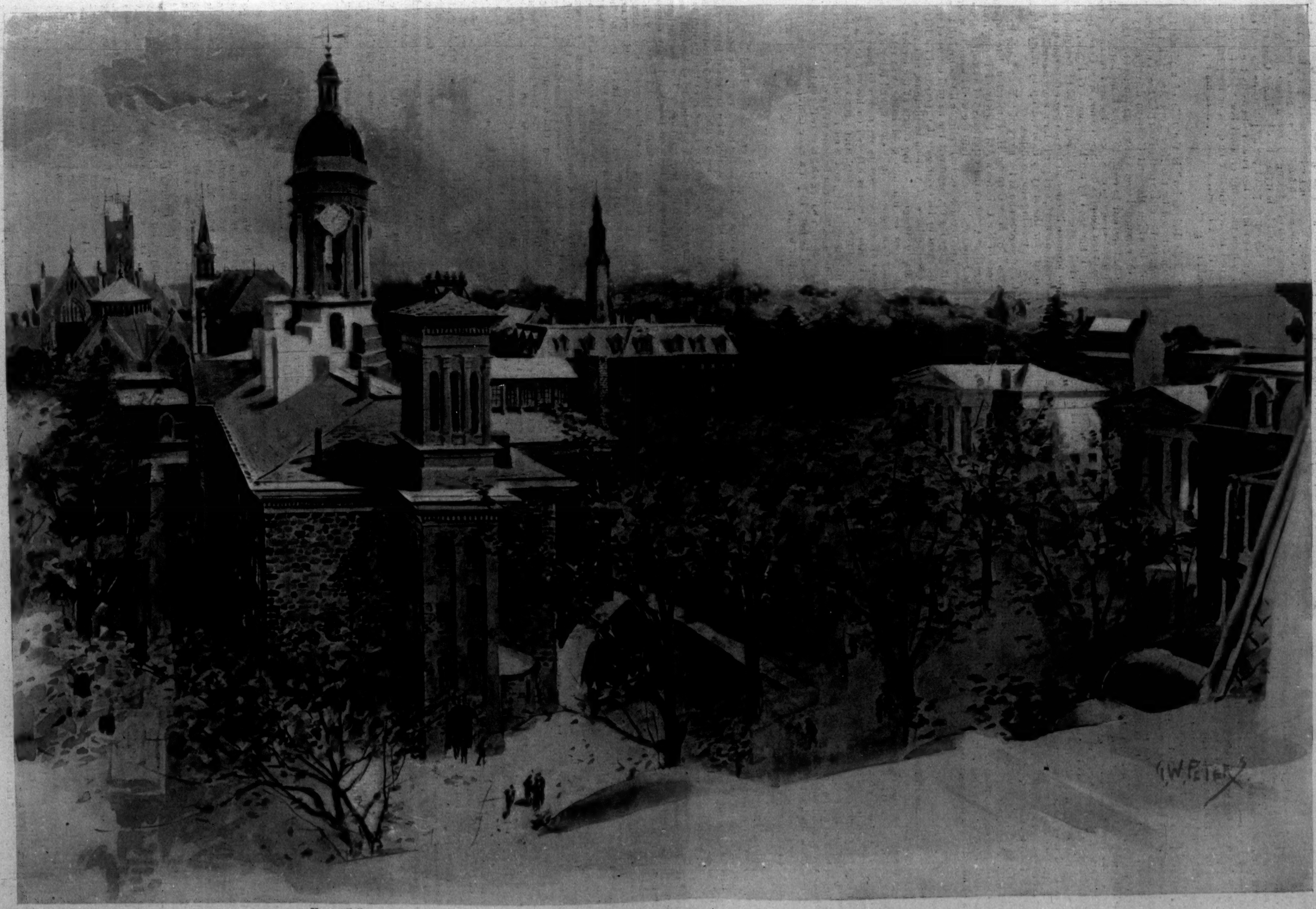
THE MONEY OF THE RICH.

A tender-hearted little girl was listening to the story of an educated pig who escaped from a circus and fared forth alone into the wide world. As he went on through the fields and began to get hungry, he came to a tree covered with green plums. He wanted the plums. He looked up at them with growing eagerness. He rubbed against the tree and tried to shake them down, but they were too green, and would not drop. Then he stood on his hind legs and tried to reach those on the lower branches, but—"Oh, mother!" cried the little girl, "that's going to be a sad story! *Please* don't read any more!"

It is somewhat so with Mr. Godkin's dissertation, in a contemporary magazine, on the "Expenditure of the Rich." Mr. Godkin thinks that extremely rich people would better give over the practice of building immense country houses and invest some of their surpluses in public monuments instead. It seems a wise suggestion, but, after all, the plums are too green still to be shaken down, and the reading of the story is all too likely to be sad. The very rich seldom invest their spare money according to the suggestions of philosophers. They spend what they can on their own pleasures and comfort, give to what happens to interest them, and let the rest accumulate. It seems possible that what they save does at least as much good as what they spend or give, for that becomes capital, and capital accumulating in vast sums makes money cheap, quickens enterprise, develops the resources of the country, and takes bad bargains off the hands of the poor. One of the great uses we have for the very rich is to acquire and carry properties which poor people cannot afford to hold. To be sure, the rich only buy bad bargains at the market rate, and at that rate they are apt to be fairly good bargains; but the scarcer the rich are, and the more moderate their accumulations, the lower the market rates for bad bargains must be, and the worse the sacrifice for people who have to sell. There is not nearly as much occasion to worry about the surplus income that very rich people do not spend as most of us suppose. If it is spent it may be misspent, but if it accumulates in banks and trust companies it becomes part of the capital of the country and goes where it is needed.


Senator William B. Allison.
Mark A. Hanna, Chairman of the National Committee.
General Russell A. Alger.
Winfield T. Durbin.
Henry C. Payne.

A CONFERENCE AT THE REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.


East College.
Whig Hall.
Clio Hall.
G.W. PETERS
Nassau Hall.

SESQUICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY—THE CAMPUS AND NASSAU HALL.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 1047]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Du Maurier's death produces an unusual combination of emotions. There is the regret at losing an old friend, whose drawings and jokes have been familiar and pleasant to many of us for a quarter of a century, and besides that there is our disappointment at losing prematurely a new story-teller who had entertained us delightfully, and with whom we were not nearly ready to part. It is a hardship that we have had to part with him, for he had hardly begun to tell the stories he knew. He had seen interesting things and people, and lived in an interesting environment all his life, and had half a century of memories and impressions to put between the covers of storybooks. And, as if his experiences were not enough, he had imagination besides, and could invent things that never happened and make them seem more real than veritable actualities. Alas for us! What a useful friend we have lost, and with how much reason we may lament that he was not spared to serve us ten years longer! We have "The Martian," though, and it opens like a thing of joy. The delight of *Trilby* was that it was not one of those neutral books which leave the reader uncertain whether he liked it or not. *Trilby* left some readers uncertain whether they ought to have liked it, and left some critics uncertain as to its merits as a literary product, but few people had any doubts as to whether it pleased them. If it did, they knew it; if it did not, they knew it if they knew anything. People usually know whether or not they are enjoying themselves, and most of the readers of *Trilby* recognized that they were having fun. "The Martian" promises to afford them the same consciousness of pleasure.

You remember the immense boom that broke out in the enchanted palace when the Prince kissed the Sleeping Beauty! How the clock struck, and the district messenger pulled the area bell, the turnspit turned the roast, the warder warded, and everything, as free speakers say, got a gait onto it. The next greatest outburst of activity to that would seem to be the one which a great number of honest and hopeful people expect to see on the morning after election. For months every one who has had a purpose that would wait at all has put it off until after election. Parents whose children's shoes needed to be half-soled have put them by until they could be sure that Bryan would not be President, and introduce the fashion of going barefoot in winter; women have put off buying their winter hats; capitalists have put off lending money; railroads have put off everything they could, including passengers who would not pay fares; debtors have put off paying their bills; creditors have put off suing them; mills have deferred opening; idle people have put off hunting for jobs; people about to move have staid where they were; people who had homes have in some cases got ready to vacate them; babies which could not be deferred have been put on probation until it should transpire whether it was going to be expedient to raise them; cities have deferred selling bonds; citizens have delayed paying taxes; every ultimate thing of serious consequence that could wait has been put on the shelf until after election. The imports at New York for nine months ending October 1 were forty-six millions smaller than a year ago, and half of this shrinkage was in dry-goods. That is one item in the results of the economies of seventy million people. Gold has been flowing into the country, partly because we have bought so little this summer in Europe.

There seems to be no sound reason why every American should not hope, when he puts his ear to the ground on the morning of November 4, to hear something like a cosmic creak caused by innumerable wheels just beginning to revolve. No well-informed newspaper seems any longer to have a shadow of doubt that Bryan is beaten, and that the end of procrastination is very nearly reached. A sound-money victory will not make us all rich in a minute, but it will certainly make us feel richer. It will leave us standing on firm earth at least, and it will be welcomed as no political victory has been welcomed in the United States for fifty years. We want to see the wheels go round again. We want to see our Sleeping Beauty's eyelids quiver at the new light. We are tired of waiting, tired of hanging on by the eyelids, tiring of putting things off, tired of apprehension and patience. We want to settle down to work and to bring about fulfilment, and the moment we get the news of Bryan's defeat we shall be ready to go about it.

Matthew Marshall, who contributes weekly discourses on financial topics to the *Sun*, derides some fiscal idea of which he disapproves as implying "a want of experience of human nature worthy only of a college professor." Such a remark from Mr. Bryan would merely provoke smiles, but coming from so astute an observer as Matthew Marshall it is fit food for thought. If college professors are peculiarly and notoriously defective in the knowledge of human nature, measures ought to be taken for their enlightenment. In the absence of a wiser plan it is suggested that the experiment should be made of establishing a post-graduate course in human nature in some prominent university for the benefit of persons who aspire to be professors in colleges. It would not be hard to find men competent to conduct such a course, though a fit man would doubtless be a valuable person, and able to command high wages in practical life. College graduates who go into business or into the practice of law or medicine get their experience of human nature in due course by rubbing against their fellows; but it is true enough that most professors live lives that are somewhat retired and unusually protected, and it is possible that they know less of how their fellow-creatures think and act than they should. All the same, this is not a good year to disparage professors, who are out for sound money almost to a man, and do not allow even their antipathy to high protection to hinder them from speaking and voting for McKinley.

The Boston Art Commission, which has decided that the Macmonnies Dancing Bacchante is unsuitable to adorn the Boston Public Library, must expect to have its judgment freely criticised and even derided. It does not find fault with the statue; indeed it expressly recognizes its "remarkable technical merits"; but it seems to be satisfied that it is too gay for the Boston Library. The Bacchante whom Mr. Macmonnies devised is poised on one foot, and carries a baby on one arm. She is clothed only in the cheerful graces of youth, and her whole attitude implies indifference as to whether school is keeping or not. No doubt the Art Commission feels that any young female who postures in the Library's court, even if not personally bookish, should at least give evidence of being aware that the schoolmaster is abroad.

The statue belongs to Mr. McKim, of the firm of McKim, Meade, & White, which built the Library. It was given by him to the trustees, and was exhibited in Boston, where, of course, it found many admirers. So many observers, however, clamored against it as being deficient in austerity that the Art Commission has doubtless acted for the best in sending it out of town. It remains to be seen whether Mr. McKim will find occasion to give some institution nearer home an opportunity to afford an asylum to this interesting waif.

It is rumored down East that there is a prospect that Mr. R. C. Lehman, a well-known English coach, may come next spring to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to teach young Harvard how to row. The report includes the information that Mr. Lehman, if he comes, will come out of disinterested benevolence and fidelity to sport, and not for hire. Certainly Harvard rowing presents a great field for missionary effort, and it need not be surprising if her affecting record of misdirected endeavor during the last ten years should stir the sympathies of a British oarsman.

Yale reports about 2650 students this year, which is 138 more than last year. Harvard's new Freshman class is a little bigger than last year's, and most of the other colleges report gains. Times have not been very good this last twelvemonth, yet perhaps we ought not to wonder that colleges should prosper in a year that has given such an unusual demonstration of the need of a strong leaven of thoroughly educated men in the republic.

Speaking of Bryan's speech at New Haven, it was stated in this corner of the Weekly of October 10 that—

> "The facts seem to be that Yale flocked to see Mr. Bryan, and yelled so copiously for McKinley and applauded so vociferously at short intervals that the speaker found it difficult to unbosom himself as freely as he desired."

The *Yale Alumni Weekly*, which professes to have exact and accurate knowledge of all that happened at the New Haven Bryan meeting, finds "very much to regret" in the statement made above, and believes that the facts in the case are best imparted as follows:

> "Some Yale students did some cheering when Mr. Bryan was introduced, and between their cheering, the pushing of the crowd, and the noise of the band of the Naval Reserves, Mr. Bryan's speech was delayed between five and ten minutes. It is not true, however, that students or any one else in the crowd interrupted him after he began, or prevented him from continuing as long as he wished."

About $47,000 has been collected for the purpose of building a house for the Bishop of New York, and at the recent convention of the Episcopal diocese of New York a committee was appointed to choose a site for it. A site on the grounds of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine was favored, but the committee was left free to make its choice according to its judgment. It is the hope of some people that in time the Cathedral and Columbia University will attract enough church dignitaries and professors to the upper part of the town to make that region more desirable as a place of residence than it is at present; but whether the professors and the reverend clergy will wish to live so far from the hum of commerce, the theatres, and the clubs is a question which it will take time to settle.

The recent determination of Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler to retire from the practice of criminal law because of certain rulings and observations of Justice Smyth which he did not like, has been a good deal discussed and somewhat regretted. Mr. Chanler has lineage, and is understood to have a satisfactory pecuniary endowment. His father was John Winthrop Chanler, his grandfather was Sam Ward, and his great-grandfather was John Jacob Astor. From these gentlemen, all men of activity and note, he inherited many desirable things, among others, a strenuous impatience of doing nothing. How a young American who already has most of the more desirable things that money and social advantages may procure may exercise his energies with profit is a problem which abounds in perplexities. In England an ambitious young man of fortune and ability seems to find chances enough to employ himself to some purpose. There his independent position is a decided advantage to him. There are places worth filling that are fit for him and his like to fill, and if he chooses to go into Parliament he finds no great difficulty in getting there. But in New York the obstacles to a rich young man's getting into any sort of political employment that is worth his while are fairly comparable with those that traditionally beset the entrance of persons of his fiscal disabilities into the kingdom of heaven. If he wishes to make himself an active part of the great machine that does the world's work, the simplest way seems to be for him to try to learn some one of the processes for making money. Mr. Chanler has not cared to make money, but still desiring to gain the discipline and other ethical profits which come only to men who contrive to make themselves useful in their generation, he has busied himself for several years in defending friendless persons accused of crimes. He said in court the other day, in announcing his purpose to retire:

> "I have followed the criminal law because I believe that to be the ennobling side of my profession. It was my feeling for the oppressed that led me to become the advocate of those who may be falsely accused. To defend humankind, to aid the oppressed and the accused, and to save human life, is the highest aim of my life."

If Mr. Chanler's aims are really so high it seems a pity that he should allow himself to be turned from the field he has chosen by so slight a thing as the admonition he received from Justice Smyth. The problem he is trying to solve for himself is one of real interest, and many observers with whose existence he does not reckon would regret to see him abandon it. One of the most useful details of the endowment of a first-rate man is a seasoned temper, capable of use, but so controlled that its ebullitions may never turn its owner aside from the accomplishment of a serious purpose. A man who takes snubbing easily may be defective in self-respect, but a man who cannot endure to be snubbed in a good cause is open to the suspicion of thinking too much about himself and too little of what he is trying to do. If Mr. Chanler throws up his job out of petulance he discredits his own endurance, and so far as lies in him discredits the job too. If he has been practising criminal law "just for fun," it is no great matter whether he quits or not; but if he has taken it and himself seriously, it seems a pity that he should not go on.

"Kittie Delmonico" is the title of a pleasant little pamphlet issued by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor (105 East Twenty-second Street), in which Margaret Compton describes very happily the successful efforts of a little tenement-house child who had learned to cook, to make home happy. Kittie got her knowledge of cooking during her free summer residence at the People's Sea-Side Home, West Coney Island, which is managed by the Department of Hygiene of the association above named. The pamphlet is designed partly to promote interest in the sea-shore department of the association's work, and partly for a more immediate practical use, for the story is followed up by thirty-five receipts for cooking simple dishes.

Of analogous aim is the story of "Your Little Brother James," by Miss Caroline H. Pemberton, late Superintendent of the Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania. It describes some of the experiences of a small East-Side New York boy, who came into the world when he wasn't wanted, survived beyond all patience the natural obstacles to his growing up, improved the natural course of training afforded by his environment, experienced the inevitable disadvantages of various institutions, and was pronounced incorrigible by the courts at the tender age of nine. Then he fell into good hands, was sent to the country to a home carefully chosen, and being a child of natural sweetness, presently responded to good and patient treatment, and is left well on his way to become a useful citizen. The story, which is a true one, is simply and unaffectedly told, and is an interesting and edifying illustration of what can be done with a child of the gutter who has started wrong and is growing up to be a criminal. It would be hard to put a more useful sociological tract into better words.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

The opinion is gaining ground that Lord Rosebery's resignation can only have the effect, sooner or later, of restoring him to the leadership with increased power and authority. As Premier he has undoubtedly disappointed a good many people, but the Liberals in the country are still on his side, and a good deal ashamed of the intrigues which have driven him into retirement. His disagreement with Mr. Gladstone's Armenian policy is hardly considered a valid ground for resignation, and Lord Rosebery himself, in his fine speech at Edinburgh, laid greater stress on the personal differences in the cabinet, and the lack of support given to him. But when all is said and done Lord Rosebery still remains the one man who can lead the Liberal party. Sir William Harcourt is a ponderous mass of average Gladstonianism without the quickening salt of Mr. Gladstone's genius, long past middle age, and deeply committed to the elder officialdom. His success in leading a disorganized and disheartened party in the Commons has been brilliant; but, after all, the Liberals ask something more of their leader than that he should be a skilful tactician and a fervid Parliamentary pulpiteer. Sir William has not enough weight in the country to fit him for the highest post of all. He may be tried as a stop-gap if the numberless petitions to Lord Rosebery fail to move his resolution, but his failure seems foredoomed. Of the other men mentioned in the running, Mr. Asquith is the most prominent. He is an exceedingly clever lawyer, with a genius for assimilating hard dry facts and a clear method of exposition, and he made a successful Home Secretary. One can imagine him arguing the details of a complicated Irish land bill, or a parish councils bill, or some technical measure of domestic politics, with a skill and lucidity not so very much inferior to Mr. Gladstone's. But he is a "Little-Englander" in the worst sense. His horizon is bounded by England. You can search his speeches in vain for any expression of sympathy with the empire beyond the seas. To put a man like that at the head of a great English party would be an irretrievable blunder. Lord Rosebery is the one man who is at once a democrat and an imperialist, and his return to office can only be a matter of time.

George du Maurier's death has caused a gap which America can hardly realize. In the States he is mourned as a writer; here as an artist. It is almost impossible to conceive of *Punch* without Du Maurier; for *Punch* is everything to England, and Du Maurier was everything to *Punch*. His strong, effective drawings showed no sign of failing incisiveness or humor up to the very end. He was the black-and-white artist, historian almost, of English society. Sir Pompey Bedell, Maudle, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, Sir Gorgius Midas were all unmitigatedly English. They came home to everybody; for everybody knew one or the other of them in his own circle. You cannot pass down Regent Street without seeing somebody who is a plagiarism from Du Maurier. A drawing-room was his studio and ordinary men and women his models; he had only to glance across the table to find his situations. Personally I knew him as a clever talker, full of anecdotes, and with a rare skill in narration, as unspoiled by his later and phenomenal success as he was undeterred by his early struggles. He was popular among men of all professions, and whenever he entered the Garrick Club you would see half a dozen writers, artists, and actors struggling for his company at dinner. There is no one who can take his place on *Punch*. Mr. Phil May is his reputed successor, and Mr. Phil May is a really brilliant artist, who finds his models among costers, flower-girls, and bar room *habitués*. But there is and can be only one Du Maurier.

S. B.

ROME.

The marriage of the Prince of Naples, the Italian Crown-Prince, to the daughter of the Montenegrin sovereign, on October 24, furnishes one more instance of the levity with which European monarchical families treat religious questions. This *chassé-croisé*, or exchange and frequency of abjurations, is not likely to impress the masses with sanctity. One year ago Princess Alice of Hesse abjured the Lutheran faith before marrying the Czarowitz Nicolas, now Emperor of Russia. A little later the bigoted Roman Catholic Ferdinand, Prince of Bulgaria, in order to gain the friendship and support of the Czar, caused his infant son and presumptive heir, the little Boris, to be baptized in the Greek Orthodox Church. Now Princess Elena of Montenegro abjures her Greek Orthodox faith in order to espouse the Crown-Prince of Italy. The ceremony of abjuration was performed in the Palatine Church of San Nicola di Bari. The Pope himself has consented to a compromise in regard to the religious wedding of the young couple. It has been celebrated on a kind of neutral ground, in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which was proclaimed a national monument some years ago, and which is therefore a property of the state, and no longer under the direct and absolute authority of the Vatican. Still, Leo XIII., in compliance with his well-known policy of conciliation, has permitted Monsignor Piscicelli, prior of San Nicola di Bari, to proceed to Rome and to give the nuptial benediction to the Prince and the Princess in a semi-independent church building. F. A.

CHICAGO.

The 9th of October is Chicago day, being the anniversary of the great fire. There has been of late years a growing tendency to make it a civic holiday, and its observance has been conducted upon an increasingly elaborate scale. This year is the twenty-fifth since the devastation of the city, and the celebration was carried out upon a scale far beyond anything hitherto attempted. It was inevitable that the celebration should have a political coloring, and both parties put forth their best efforts to make display of their strength. The result was very gratifying to the partisans of national honor, for sound-money banners and mottoes were everywhere to be seen, and a casual observer would have found it difficult to discover evidences of any considerable amount of silver sentiment. The great day parade, in which about seventy thousand citizens took part, was a sound-money demonstration of the most impressive sort. The business portion of the city was given up to it, and all vehicles were excluded from the streets, as in Paris on the *Jour de la République*. The advocates of repudiation made no attempt to take part in this parade, but tried to offset its effect by the organization of a sort of silver side-show in the evening. A procession of about twelve thousand people was formed, and made all the noise it could, but the anticlimax was too obvious, and the Popocratic heart was sad.

If these demonstrations could leave any doubt as to the great preponderance of popular sentiment on the side of honest money, the most timorous soul must be convinced by the test vote undertaken, with commendable enterprise, by the Chicago *Record*. This newspaper is sending to every registered voter of the city an addressed postal card, to be returned with the Presidential vote of the recipient. No one doubts the fairness with which this test is being conducted, and there is no reason to think that it will not afford a close indication of the vote of the 3d of November. At this writing only about one-tenth of the postal-card vote has been canvassed, but the returns published cover all sections of the voting population. Of the thirty-six thousand odd votes received, Mr. McKinley gets seventy-five per cent., Mr. Bryan twenty-one and a half per cent., and Mr. Palmer two per cent. The returns further show the shifting of party lines since the election of 1892. Of those who then voted for Mr. Harrison, 2190 are now counted for Mr. Bryan, while of those who voted for Mr. Cleveland, no fewer than 5413 announce their intention of voting for Mr. McKinley. These returns are more than "straws"; they are stubborn facts of the most convincing sort, and they do not leave a ray of hope for the Popocrats as far as the State of Illinois is concerned.

A good deal of attention has lately been called to the pollution of the water supply of Chicago, and the unusual prevalence of typhoid fever is doubtless traceable to this cause. Few intelligent people now drink the lake water without first boiling or filtering it, and measures are being taken to provide the public schools with apparatus for filtering. It will not be long, however, before the difficulty will be done away with in large measure, for the great drainage canal is nearly completed. This vast piece of engineering work is designed to divert the sewage of the city from Lake Michigan into the Illinois River at Joliet. It is a curious physiographical fact that the water-shed between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi systems runs a few miles west of the city, so that the drainage canal will reverse the current of the Chicago River. The president of the drainage trustees has just made a report to the effect that ninety per cent. of the work of excavation has been done, and that the canal will be opened in less than two years. A few figures will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of this undertaking.

The canal is to be nearly forty miles long, and the cost of making it will amount to about thirty million dollars. It is estimated that the reversed current of the river will flow one and a quarter miles per hour, discharging three hundred thousand cubic feet per minute. Since nine-tenths of the city sewage is turned into the river, it is obvious that the water of the lake will become much purer than it can possibly be under present conditions. The completion of the canal will be welcomed both for this reason and for the relief that it will bring from the heavy burden of taxation that the work has occasioned. In time it will no doubt be used as a ship-canal, being of ample dimensions, but for the present this use is not contemplated, for it has been spanned in various places by immovable bridges.

Mention was recently made in these columns of a supposed first Chicago novel, the *Wau-nan-gee*, of Major Richardson. A still earlier tale of the massacre of 1812, also by Major Richardson, has just been discovered by Mr. F. H. Hild, the city librarian. It is called *Hardscrabble*, and may be found in the rare periodical *Sartain's Magazine*, where it ran as a serial in 1850. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

An elderly farmer who lives alone in a small town in the interior of Maine awoke, the other night, to find two robbers standing at the foot of his bed. One of them held up a lighted match, while the other, without any preliminary demand or statement whatever, fired four shots at him from a revolver. Only one of these shots took effect, and that not seriously, and the farmer, seizing a gun which hung overhead, delivered a charge of old nails and scrap-iron with such good aim that the would-be murderer had his thumb shot off and was severely wounded in the jaw. The two assassins then fled, but a few hours later the wounded one was found groaning on the piazza of a hotel. He proved to be a professional criminal, a Corsican by birth, and a man of excellent education, who is said to be proficient in four or five languages. In Maine, where everybody has good nerves, not much account is made of the aged farmer's coolness and promptitude, and the chief moral drawn from the affair is the superfluousness, not to say the danger, of too much education.

The United States authorities declare that there is no other post in the country where so much trouble is caused by drunkenness among soldiers of the regular army as there is at Fort Preble, in Portland, Maine. And yet Maine is a prohibition State, where, if the law were enforced, the soldiers would be absolutely sober. Probably soldiers drink no more in Portland than they do at Governors Island, where they have the whole city of New York to draw upon in their hours of leisure; but in Maine, as in all prohibitory States, the liquor sold is so adulterated as to be poisonous and almost maddening in its effects. As to Vermont, both the outgoing and the incoming Governors have testified recently to the various corrupt practices which grow up under the operation of a prohibitory law. One practice, made possible by the connivance of select-men, sheriffs, and magistrates is to impose only the minimum fine for selling liquor, even in the case of old offenders. By this means what was intended as the penalty for a first offence becomes an unlawful license fee, exacted by town or county officials at their pleasure.

A notable statement has recently been made by the Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge, ex-minister to France, and treasurer of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. He declares, in a report to the stockholders of the company that the value of the Merrimac River as a water-power is steadily diminishing, and that unless measures are taken by New Hampshire and Maine to stop the cutting down of forests, its value will soon be gone. The Amoskeag Company is one of the oldest manufacturing concerns in New England, probably the largest of such concerns, and its withdrawal from New Hampshire would be a serious injury to that State. Mr. Coolidge's statement will doubtless have more effect upon the legislators of New Hampshire than would any number of declarations as to the beauty and healthfulness of the forests. In default of water-power, the factories scattered through New England would forsake the interior for the seaboard, where coal could be had without the additional price for inland transportation. H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

The delving among the ruins of the failed banks in New Orleans still continues, and the deeper the excavations get, the worse the condition of affairs is found. It is not that the money loss is so heavy, for the greater part of it falls on the bank-robbers themselves, and the worst plundered bank, the Union National, is likely to resume, but the fact that most of those engaged in the plundering were men whose standing in the community was of the highest, indeed their very names were elements of strength to the institutions over which they presided. The result has been a disappearance of confidence, similar to that which has recently spread over the country and caused so much depression, and it will take some years to fully restore the public confidence in New Orleans. The prompt enforcement of the law and the punishment of the bank-wreckers are admitted as essential for the restoration of this popular confidence. A number of minor bank irregularities, discovered during the last few years, were unfortunately covered up, and the guilty men allowed to escape, on the theory that the publication of these matters might have tended to a loss of confidence, if not to cause a panic. The feeling which grew up in consequence, that bank offenders were less likely to be punished than other embezzlers or wrong-doers, is probably responsible for the demoralization that has recently been disclosed, as it became an established fact that a bank-thief was almost certain to escape punishment. The popular sentiment is now thoroughly aroused, however, and the wreckers and embezzlers are likely to fare badly.

The school board of New Orleans is not able to keep up with the demand on the public schools. The number of children attending the schools increases some five thousand to eight thousand each year—not due to any such remarkable growth of population, but to the disappearance of the prejudice which formerly existed among the better classes in the South towards the free schools. The public-school system, coming from New England, aroused at first some sectional prejudice in the South. The acceptance of a free education tendered by the State was regarded by those who could afford to pay for the education of their children as an acknowledgment of poverty or pauperism; and the sentiment prevailing in New Orleans, at least until very recently, was that those who could afford to pay for schooling should do so, and that the public schools should be reserved for the poorer classes only. That sentiment is rapidly disappearing—indeed, is almost extinct now—and it has thrown upon the schools the children of those classes who, in their Southern pride, formerly patronized only private academies, the result being such an increase in the attendance at the public schools that the latter are over-crowded, and many thousand children are shut out of school altogether and denied education. The school board endeavored to keep up with the demand by building new school-houses, but have not wholly succeeded, the increase in attendance each year far exceeding all expectations or calculations. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The University of California has made remarkable progress during the last five years. The institution is bound up with the State, as its existence and perpetuity are guaranteed by the State Constitution, and a regular tax of one-tenth of a mill on the dollar provides for its support. Although requirements for admission have been made more rigid each year, the number of students has increased as follows: 1892–3, 1082; 1893–4, 1383; 1894–5, 1781; 1895–6, 2047; 1896–7, 2200. The students in the regular and special courses at Berkeley number this year 1475, of whom 481 are Freshmen. In the affiliated colleges it is estimated that 700 have entered, though the number is not yet definitely known. So great is the demand for class room at Berkeley that tents are to be erected on the campus. In this climate a canvas recitation-room may be made comfortable even in winter. What most pleases friends of the State University is that it maintains a high standard of scholarship, and that the alumni take so keen an interest in its welfare.

The Salvation Army will soon have a home for ex-convicts in the San Ramon Valley, across the bay from San Francisco. George S. Montgomery has given a ranch of 300 acres, and the plan is to make this a place of refuge for convicts on their release. Those who desire to learn farming will be kept for several months, but others will be sheltered only until situations can be secured for them. It is hoped that many men may be reformed when they are kept from the saloons of this city and evil associates. A fund has been started to supply all who apply with a suit of good clothing and with transportation when they secure good positions. As no idlers will be tolerated, it is hoped that the home may accomplish much practical good.

One of the most picturesque figures on the Pacific coast is General Antonio Ezeta, who is a fine type of the Spanish-American revolutionist. Without a conspiracy Ezeta would feel that his occupation was gone. He was the right hand of his brother Carlos when Carlos was President of San Salvador. Two years ago the whirligig of revolution upset Carlos Ezeta, and Antonio sought safety in flight. He came to San Francisco, and for many months furnished good material for the newspaper reporters. His enemies in Salvador tried to secure his extradition for several crimes, such as murder and bank-robbery, but it was held that these were acts of war and not extraditable.

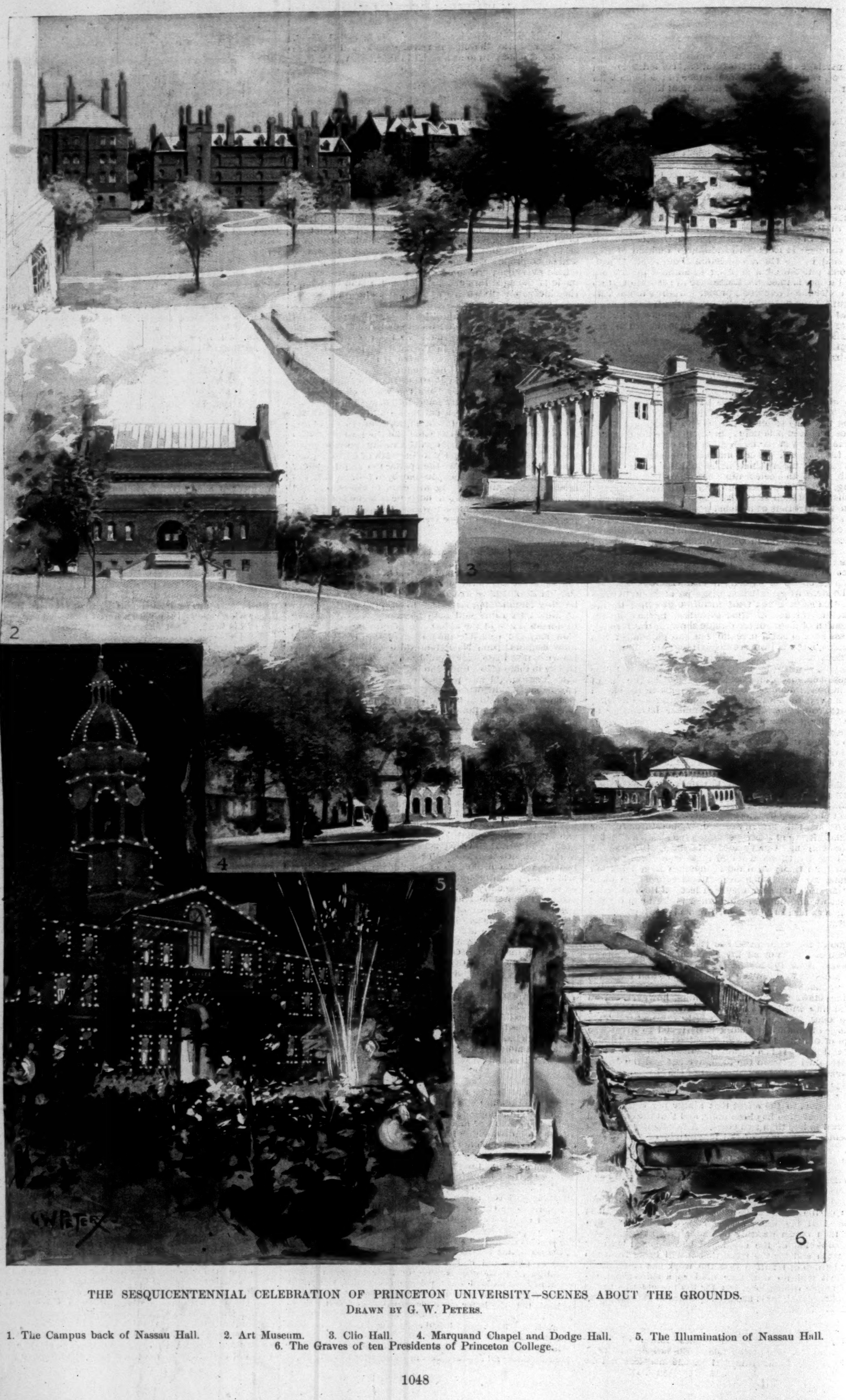
Ezeta, while in San Francisco, was a conspicuous figure in the afternoon dress parade on Kearney and Market streets. A handsome man of the Spanish type, swarthy, with black beard and mustache, he took special pride in a scar which showed the path a bullet ploughed across the top of his head. Last January he departed, with several faithful adherents, to carry war into Salvador, but he was captured by the Costa Rican government at Punta Arenas. After his release he went to Panama, where he is now said to be planning another expedition against Salvador. G. H. F.

THE PRINCETON CELEBRATION.

The festival which Princeton University holds on October 20, 21, and 22, 1896, was instituted to commemorate the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of her founding. Coming into existence as a protest against the unbending austerity of Yale in matters of ecclesiastical practice, she was, throughout the Colonial epoch, a nursery both of sound learning and of what was then considered a liberal theology. Her record throughout the years of Revolution is one of unprecedented patriotism. Guided by the genius of John Witherspoon, her halls resounded with political teachings that were the corollary of her religious doctrine—teachings which discovered the causes of Colonial discontent in principles of constitutional government which underlay all the difficulties, and were plainly operative, but were not yet generally apprehended. Thus it happened that she became a hot-bed of rebellion. Her president was the only clergyman who signed the Declaration of Independence—in fact, it was he who in the hour of hesitancy and doubt made it impossible, by his own heroism, for others to draw back. Thereafter he was a member of the secret committee of Congress, of the board of war, of the committee on finance, and of the committee to procure supplies.

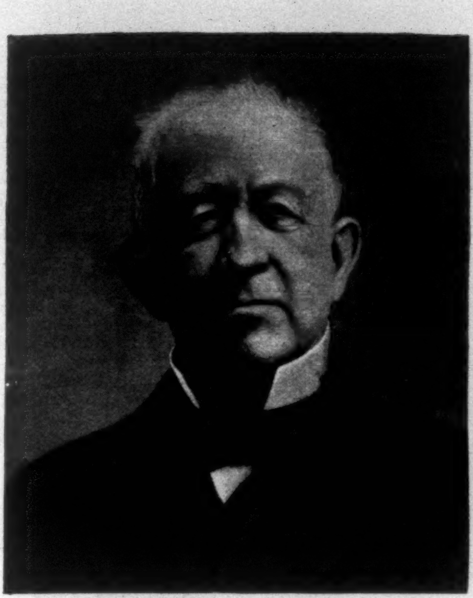
It was one of his pupils, Ephraim Brevard, of the class of 1768, who was the moving spirit in composing and promulgating the Mecklenburg resolutions of independence; three other graduates of Princeton were pastors of as many congregations from among the churches which furnished the Georgia "Regulators" who vainly defied Tryon's tyranny; another, Thomas Melville, was one of the Mohawks who conducted the Boston tea party; and still another, John Craighead, was the clergyman who at the outbreak of the Revolution first preached a stirring sermon to the people of Rocky Spring, near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, who then throwing off his gown, disclosed himself in Continental uniform, and on the spot enlisted every able-bodied male among his hearers in the company, with which he promptly marched away to join Washington. Robert Cooper, a classmate of Craighead's, and, like him, a doctor of divinity, was the captain of another company raised in the same district. Twenty other Princeton graduates were officers of various degrees in the Continental army.

The chiefest glory of Revolutionary Princeton is in her statesmen. During those years four hundred and sixty-nine young men secured her diploma. Of these, something more than one-fourth were clergymen, and from that number thirteen were called to preside over the early years of the various colleges which sent forth the budding politicians of the period during which the nation was made; the other three-fourths gave to the young country of their birth one man who was President for eight years, a Vice-President, six members of the Continental Congress, twenty Senators of the United States, twenty-three members of the House of Representatives, thirteen Governors of States, three justices of the Supreme Court; and there was not a State government in the Union in which Princeton men were not prominent. Of the fifty-six names attached to the Declaration of Independence, twenty-five were those of university graduates, among the fifty-five mem-

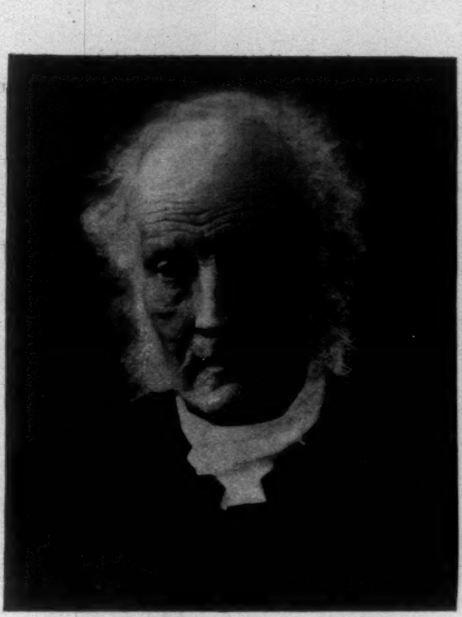


THE SESQUICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY—SCENES ABOUT THE GROUNDS.
DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.

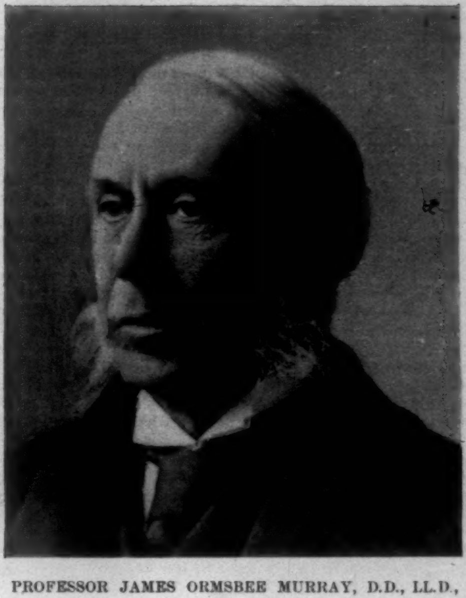
1. The Campus back of Nassau Hall. 2. Art Museum. 3. Clio Hall. 4. Marquand Chapel and Dodge Hall. 5. The Illumination of Nassau Hall. 6. The Graves of ten Presidents of Princeton College.



JOHN I. BLAIR,
Trustee.



JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Princeton College 1868-1888.—Died Nov. 16, 1894.

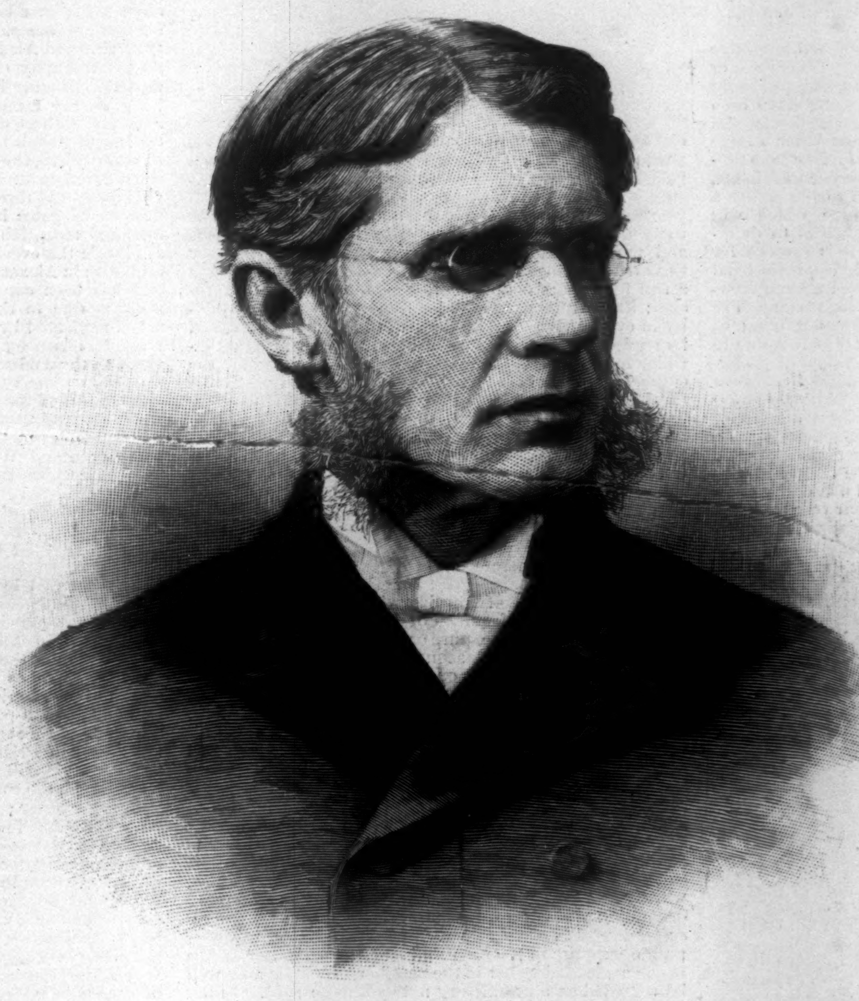


PROFESSOR JAMES ORMSBEE MURRAY, D.D., LL.D.,
Dean of the Faculty.

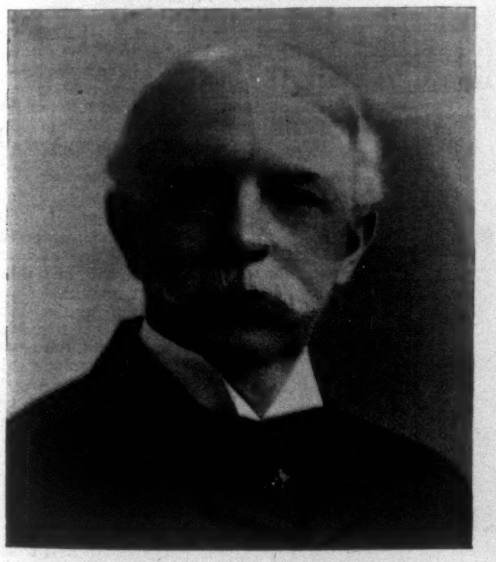
bers of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, thirty-two were men of academic training. To the twenty-five, Princeton furnished only three—fewer than Harvard, Yale, or Columbia; to the thirty-two, she gave nine—more than her three Northern contemporaries combined. Her influence was not, however, proportionate to the numbers of her statesman sons either at the beginning or the end of the struggle. Men like Witherspoon and Richard Stockton were born leaders, and asserted themselves as such in the initial stages of the period, while at the close, when all was again at stake, the three conceivable plans of organic union among the inexperienced and jealous States were, each and all, identified more or less completely with Princeton names. Paterson of Princeton, 1763, made what may be roughly called the New Jersey or small State plan; Madison of Princeton, 1771, fathered the Virginia or large State plan; the compromise plan which was adopted was presented by Roger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth, both of Connecticut, and stoutly supported by Davie of Georgia. The general catalogue of Princeton shows that Ellsworth was a Princeton alumnus of 1766, and that William Richardson Davie took his degree, just ten years later, from the same school of learning.

Princeton is probably unique in one respect. Her oldest and at this moment still her largest building, Nassau Hall, has the proud distinction of being the fortress which saw the Revolutionary struggle transformed from a series of guerilla skirmishes into an orderly recognized warfare, which was the strategic outpost throughout the duration of the contest which guarded the communication between North and South, and which, strangest fact of all, was the Capitol of the rising republic on the momentous occasion when outward recognition was first given by foreign powers to American independence. It was at Nassau Hall that the last skirmish was fought which brought to a successful completion the affairs of Trenton, Assunpink, and Princeton, a series of contests that forms the most glorious page in the history of Washington's matchless strategy; it was in Nassau Hall that American troops kept watch and ward throughout the war over the precious highway between New York and Philadelphia; it was under the same roof that, in 1783, Congress received the first foreign minister to reach our shores with full credentials to an independent people. From Nassau Hall the battle-field stretches southward for about a mile and a half. The spot where the sharpest encounter occurred, and where Washington, conscious that his whole plan turned on those moments, exposed himself to the enemy's fire as never before or after, is the goal of many a historical pilgrim.

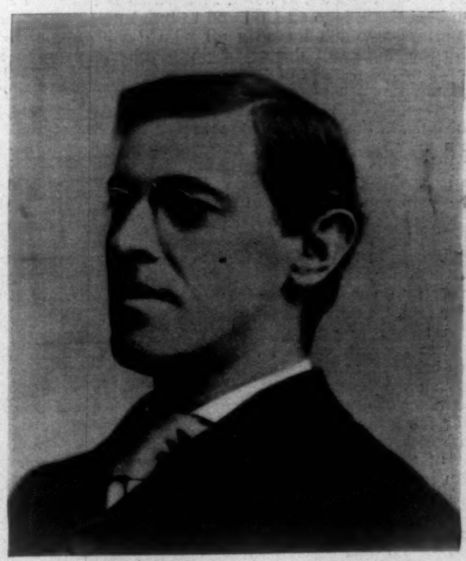
In the years between the Revolution and the civil war Princeton was a peaceful spot, and the college was left to develop on the lines prepared by her origin and early history. It is no disparagement to her governors, professors, and students that they cultivated without display or turmoil the most difficult of all the arts—those of peace. Although endowed and controlled by men of one religious denomination, her councils were open to able men of other



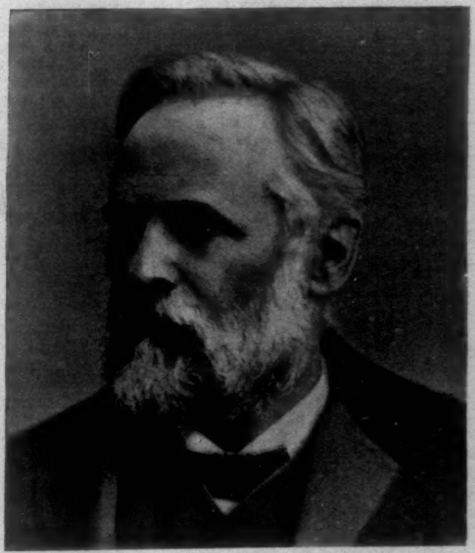
FRANCIS LANDEY PATTON, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Princeton University.



JAMES W. ALEXANDER,
Trustee.



WOODROW WILSON, PH.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Jurisprudence.

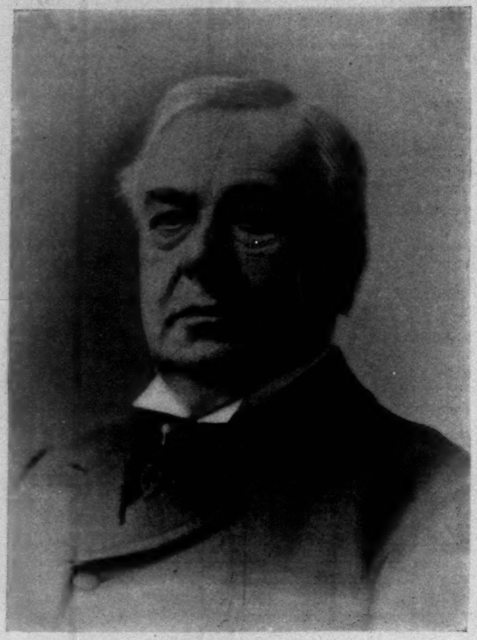


CHARLES AUGUSTUS YOUNG, PH.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Astronomy.

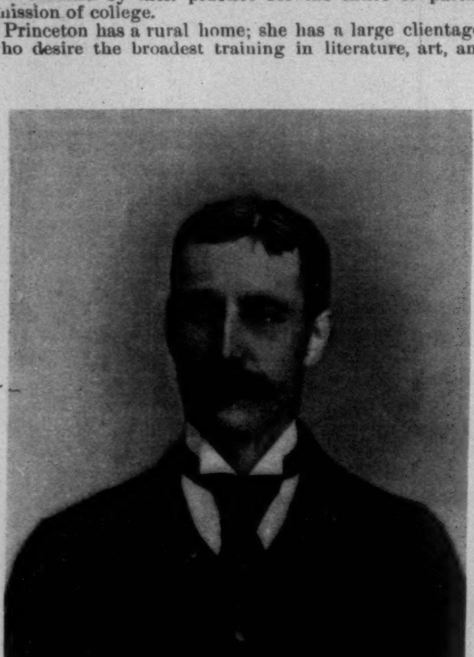
THE SESQUICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY—SOME OF THE FACULTY AND TRUSTEES.

tenets, her teachings were catholic, her attitude was receptive, her professors and students came from every portion of the Union, and her sons were pioneers throughout the Southern, Central, and Western States. Her history was not essentially different from that of her contemporaries, and her graduates were eminent in all professions, especially in the church, in the founding of schools and colleges, and in politics. But the great struggle between North and South gave Princeton a blow under which she reeled, and from which she was long in recovering; the young men who were in her class-rooms at its beginning went forth, some to wear the blue uniform and others to don the gray, to meet each other in deadly conflict on many bloody fields, and to contend in the opposing forums of Southern assemblies and Northern legislatures; her resources were crippled, her interests divided, and the men who saved her from utter shipwreck in that dark hour were among the noblest and bravest of those who have guided her fortunes. When they retired, honored and revered, the modern epoch of her history opened. The president chosen by her trustees was James McCosh, whose life and work are so well known and so recent that the details need not here be enumerated. It is sufficient to recall that in the twenty years of his administration Princeton resumed her place as one of the foremost institutions of learning in the land, and that this occurred not alone by reason of the munificent endowments which were poured into her lap, nor even because of the numbers of students from all parts of the country who began again to crowd her halls, but chiefly because, having always stood for something definite in church and state, she now became a powerful and foremost advocate of certain clear principles in education which have proved by the necessities of the conflict to be the standard of one party in contemporary educational discussion.

It is not difficult to see how Princeton was brought to her position. About a sixth of all her graduates are or have been clergymen, about a twelfth physicians, and about two-thirds of this number teachers; one-ninth have been high officials in the general and State governments, and about a fifth have been lawyers; of the remainder a large number have followed some department of science as a profession; a substantial contingent have become merchants, and a very substantial group have taken to the pen as a means of support. The general catalogue, which will soon appear, will of course enable the curious to determine these estimates more closely, but it is enough for our purpose to show that, with no strictly professional schools of her own, Princeton has furnished an enormous proportion of her sons to the learned professions. The eminence they have attained is of course a ground of contentment to Princetonians, but in so far as it is due to Princeton it has been due not to any technical or professional training there received, but to the solid foundation she has laid in their general education. All men interested in education agree that it must, for purposes of organization, be considered as primary, secondary or preparatory and special. The mind must be made as fine an instrument as possible, and then it must be furnished with the stuff on which to work. But here all unanimity ends, some contending for four years school, four years of broad culture in college, and four years of specialization or professional instruction; others for four years college and three years professional work; others for three years college and four years professional work; while large numbers contend by their practice for the entire or partial omission of college.



JOHN A. STEWART, TRUSTEE.
From a Photograph by Falk.



M. TAYLOR PYNE, TRUSTEE.

Princeton has a rural home; she has a large clientage, who desire the broadest training in literature, art, and science for their sons as preparatory not merely to acquiring a profession, but to life in its fullest sense; she produces substantial numbers who devote themselves to research, with its attendant abnegation of society and wealth. Her students as a whole are profoundly influenced by those who have chosen the church as a profession. She feels her position among the ancient institutions of the country to be such as forbids light experimenting with well-tried methods. As a consequence of all this, she gives the most coveted of her degrees, the bachelor of arts diploma, only to those who have received the thorough drill of the general scholar's course, compounded in fair proportions of classics, mathematics, and science. Yet she furnishes what a Latin satirist might have called the *plena lanx*, the full platter, of modern, technical, and highly specialized elective courses, by the hundred, so that for some portion of his student years the aspiring professional man may devote a part of his schedule time and all of his leisure hours to the pursuit of such a propædeutic as shall preclude all narrowness in his chosen life-work. For those who believe in the educational value of scientific and modern studies she provides degrees which carry their true significance with them. Her scientific side has a full four years' course, with a high standard of admission; its instructors and students enjoy an absolute equality in every privilege with those of the academic side, and its equipments in laboratory, library, and apparatus are inferior to those of no other institution. But even here the emphasis is laid at least equally on the acquisition of technical outfit and on the training of the mind. The two strictly professional schools of civil and electrical engineering are by intention kept small in proportion, so that their graduates may have the broad base as well as the tall shaft.

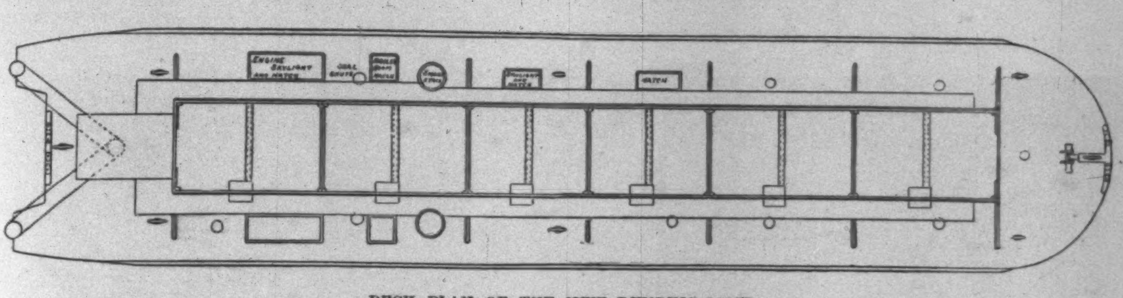
The fact that the conscious effort of Princeton in the past has been to secure for her graduates both the training of the scholar and of the specialist will explain what is intended when on her one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary she assumes the style of Princeton University. To the average well-informed American citizen a university is an institution of learning within the unitary physical limits of which faculties of law, medicine, theology, philosophy, and science, pure or applied, have their seats. But historically this is inaccurate. The reader of Rashdell's monumental work on mediæval universities will easily convince himself that the author's conclusion is strictly correct, namely, that it is the quality and aim, not the quantity, of instruction which constitutes the university. It is quite another matter, and a question still sharply controverted, whether or not the separate faculties thrive best in one homestead or in different seats. Strictly, therefore, Princeton is already a university, with a full right to the proud title—a right which many a triple or quadruple headed nursery of attorney's clerks, of surgeon-apothecaries, and of master-mechanics does not possess even in the slightest degree, although many such schools, worthy and important in their way, wear the undeserved decoration without a question, because they claim the *facultas docendi* in several lines. But if Princeton secures the public support in the same full measure hereafter as has been vouchsafed to her in the past, her new style may well be regarded as a promissory note yet to be paid. In her future development she may, and probably will, institute a law-school; but that department will be, if we may venture to prophesy, rather a laboratory in jurisprudence for the few than a professional training-school for the many. But the task nearest at hand, that which is her clear and manifest duty, is to expand and to build up her graduate department, which includes all who devote themselves, with the degree of doctor of philosophy in view, to research or the pursuit of pure studies in any line. To this end she needs a complete outfit of the most perfect description, and there are indications that she will get it. The splendid new library, now in process of erection, will be a very hearth-stone of investigation, so far as books and the facilities for their use may stimulate the scholar. Is it the promise, as many a Princetonian ardently desires and unknown as the giver still remains, of many new benefactions from other generous friends of learning for similar ends? It is an open secret that the celebration finds some of its splendor in gifts which aggregate nearly two millions. Many of these are destined for the strengthening into permanency of much that has already been done tentatively with inadequate means; but there are at least two new professorships provided, and others are sure to come if earnest longing and well-founded faith will bring them.

Such are the considerations which have determined the character of one of the most memorable academic festivals ever held in the United States. The first step of the authorities was to issue invitations to the leading universities of the world. Forty replies were received from foreign institutions, all in terms of hearty good-fellowship, many of them printed with artistic beauty on vellum, and a number lavishly illuminated and all ablaze with the colors of a mediæval missal. Twelve appointed delegates from over the sea, to wit, Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, Göttingen, Halle, Utrecht, Athens, Bologna, the Royal Society of London, and the German Archæological Institute of Athens; of these twelve, eleven are present. It is of course unnecessary to say that the responses from American institutions of learning have been prompt, hearty, and affectionate, while from Toronto and McGill universities in our sister state this side the sea come likewise delegates famous in both worlds for their learning. The second step taken was to proclaim the purely academic character of the celebration, by preparing an academic feast of peculiar interest. Throughout the preparatory week—from October 12 to 19—there have been given in Princeton a series of lectures for specialists, such as so far have never been offered to American scholars. These are the latest contributions of the distinguished lecturers to pure science and literature; they are to be published in a series of volumes under some such title as Princeton Festival Lectures, and they will stand as a lasting monument to the purposes of her governors at this time. J. J. Thomson, Cavendish Professor of Physics in the University of Cambridge, England, lectures on The Discharge of Electricity in Gases; Felix Klein, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Göttingen, lectures on the Mathematical Theory of the Top; Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric in Trinity College, Dublin, discusses the French Revolution and English Literature; Andrew Seth, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, has chosen Theism as his theme; Karl Brugmann, Professor of Indo-Germanic Philology in the University of Leipsic, expounds The Nature and Origin of the Noun Genders in the Indo-Germanic Languages, and A. A. W. Hubrecht, Professor of Zoology in the University of Utrecht, lectures on The Descent of the Primates.

With such an introduction, the celebration proper begins on Tuesday, October 20, and continues for three days. The first is reception day. At half past ten the academic procession forms at the Marquand Chapel, and proceeding to Alexander Hall, the university, with all its guests, solemnly opens the festival with religious ceremonies. A more impressive sight it would be difficult to imagine: the famous men in historic costume, the vast audience of those determined that in their home the highest learning shall be cherished, the grand organ, the choir of male voices, the superb setting of the temple itself, the solemn exhortations and vows, the appeals for divine guidance. At three in the afternoon is the formal reception of delegates in the same place, at half past four an informal reception in the Chancellor Green Library, and at nine in the evening a concert by New York's greatest orchestra in Alexander Hall. The programme of this concert has been carefully chosen, as a tribute to the lofty position due to that one of the arts hitherto, alas! too much neglected by the university, because of poverty, not from the absence of appreciation. The second day is devoted to the students and graduates, the great body which should in some corporate form have recognition in the organic life of the new era. At eleven, and again in the great academic theatrum of Alexander Hall, the university assembles to listen to its poet and its orator, Henry Van Dyke and Woodrow Wilson, two of her sons, who were chosen, we must feel, because they express in their respective spheres, and with conspicuous success, the ideals of their *alma mater* as to church and state—catholicity and intensity. As is most fitting, the afternoon is devoted to physical sports and the night to patriotism. The President of the United States will be justly regarded by the country as the most conspicuous figure of the occasion. Before Nassau Hall he will review the torch-light procession representing Princeton's share in American history, and amid a brilliant illumination of the building and the surrounding grounds patriotic speeches will be made. Such men, such scenes, such an hour, could not fail to create a jubilee of sincere, glowing, solemn patriotism. The third day is the university day. At eleven will be held the grand convocation; the names of Princeton's benefactors will be announced, the new style will be formally assumed, the laureate will be crowned, the consummation of what has been attained will be modestly sealed, the promises of the future hopefully defined. The list of those who are respectively to receive the degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, or Doctor of Letters (D.D., LL.D., L.H.D.) includes names of high renown; in token of good-fellowship and chivalric respect for all earnest fellow-workers, it is very comprehensive as to the various points of view in religion, philosophy, and politics. Perhaps its most remarkable feature is the presence of names from the world of art—that world in which American men have made themselves the peer of any others, and in which so far there has been no ribbon for those to wear who have toiled and pondered over the problems of life on certain sides with the insight and success which entitle them to adoption into that brotherhood which, on the whole, commands the widest respect of the American world—the brotherhood of academically trained professional men. On the afternoon of this great day the President of the University, as the host, gives a reception for the President of the United States, to which all members of the university, with its guests, have been invited. The evening will be occupied by a student concert, and a farewell dinner of about three hundred covers. This final function may well turn out to be the greatest intellectual feast of all, for the speaking will be by men authoritative in their respective spheres, and representing the great nations of our time.

This is, in brief, the nature of Princeton's feast. Our readers will appreciate not only the outward pomp of such proceedings, but the profound significance which lies under the surface. Our democracy has not proved barren in any of the great fields of human endeavor, and it may be a source of national confidence that among the great anniversaries which pass, those of the universities attract their full share of attention and awaken a just enthusiasm. Moreover, the rivalry of the university world, the sounds of strife in discussion, the various odiums, theologic, philosophic, scientific, are too often a byword among the great intelligent mass of laymen; it is well that they should see in such celebrations the real spirit of scholars, their charity as well as their zeal for truth, their brotherhood as well as their family jars, their general patriotism as well as their local public spirit. The high American citizenship of Princeton has never been doubted; that she and her sisters the world around, at home and abroad, should join for mutual support and encouragement in such a way and for such a purpose is a fact well worthy the attention of all true-hearted men and women. The event has national importance.

WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

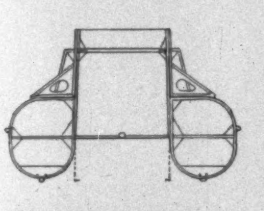


DECK PLAN OF THE NEW DUMPING-SCOW.

THE DELEHANTY DUMPING-SCOW.

The Delehanty dumper, which is rapidly approaching completion at the Elizabethport ship-yards, marks a complete revolution in the construction of dumping-scows. It was designed by Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Delehanty, U.S.N., Supervisor of New York Harbor, whose official duty has brought him into intimate association with the men most interested in the problem of the disposition of the city's garbage. All of these men believe that the new dumper is the last element necessary to the completely satisfactory solution of the problem.

When Colonel Waring became Commissioner of Street-Cleaning it took him very little time to arrive at the conclusion, already held by Mr. Delehanty, that the old system of dumping the garbage and refuse from the city by means of scows towed nominally twenty miles to sea was utterly futile. The prevailing winds and the tides would throw the lighter materials on the Long Island or Jersey beaches no matter where the scows were dumped, unless they were towed clear to the Gulf Stream. This difficulty having been obviated in large measure by Colonel Waring's scheme for the separation of the lighter materials from the solids in the refuse gathered by his wagons, a new one was developed that had to do solely with the dumping-scows themselves. These scows were all constructed on the old plan with V-shaped bottoms. The difficulty was that the solid matter, left after the separation of the lighter materials, bridged over this V-shaped opening and made the operation of dumping not only arduous but hazardous.



MIDSHIP SECTION, SHOWING PONTOON ARRANGEMENT, ETC.

Commander Delehanty's dumper reverses the construction plan of the old scows by having the receptacle for refuse widest at the bottom. The dumper is built on the catamaran plan. Two pontoons, each 135 feet long and 8 feet in beam, support between them a refuse receptacle 100 feet long, 12 feet deep, and 12 feet wide on the average, the width at the top being a few inches less, and at the bottom a little greater, than 12 feet. Particular attention was paid to the bridging together of the two pontoons in order to overcome the added strain consequent upon the shape of the refuse receptacle. The receptacle is built in sections, so that the load can be dumped a part at a time if conditions arise in which it is deemed desirable to avoid the sudden strain on the dumper of releasing the entire load at once. The dumping machinery is all operated by steam.

Each pontoon is fitted with its own set of compound engines and its own propeller. The engines are capable of driving the dumper about ten knots an hour when loaded and twelve knots when light. The dumper is steered in the fashion usual with catamarans, by a single rudder rigged between the two pontoons. The crew will number nine men—captain, mate, four engineers and firemen, two deck hands, and a cook. Coal enough may be carried to last for several days.

The load carried by the Delehanty dumper is about 600 cubic yards. The old-fashioned Barney dumpers now in use take about 500 yards at a load. They cost the city $30 a day, and it takes three days to get one loaded and dumped, an average cost of 18 cents a yard. It is expected that the new dumper will do the work of about six of the old scows, and at an average cost of five cents a yard. The best speed of tugs towing the old dumpers is about five knots an hour, or half what the Delehanty dumper is expected to do.

It is believed also that the Delehanty dumper will be valuable in the reclamation of land under water. It draws so little water—about seven feet—that it can go where the heavier Barney dumpers cannot. It will be used in the reclamation of the Rikers Island land, where it is proposed to empty the dumper's refuse receptacle into a crib from which the material will be pumped to the shore. The reverse action of the dumper's screws in backing out of the crib will set up a current which will prevent the dumped refuse from following the dumper. The bottom of the receptacle after dumping rides about two feet above the water, giving a clear space for passing over anything in the refuse which floats.

Colonel Waring is pushing to completion the plant at Barren Island, at which the lighter materials of the city's refuse—the garbage proper—will be incinerated after all the oils and fats have been tried out of them. When this plant is in operation, and the system of separation preparatory to it is in full vogue, the use of the Delehanty dumper will nearly complete the solution of the garbage problem.

AT A BARBECUE.

They take their politics joyously, the good men of the South country and the middle West. Asked to define the whole duty of man in a political year, nine in ten would answer you, "To holler right, to vote straight, and to eat as much barbecue as any other man in the county." Hence you will comprehend that a barbecue appeals equally to the stomach and the understanding. Once you have tasted it in perfection, you have a realizing sense of how it smoothes and softens campaign asperities, and makes joint debate not merely possible but pleasant.

The scholarly derive the word barbecue from the French *a barbe d'ecu* (from tail to crown)—and justify the etymology by the fact that the carcasses butchered to make a civic holiday are roasted whole—roasted, too, in the open air, over hard-wood coals at the bottom of a long trench. It is known technically as "the pit," and is proportioned accurately to the number of carcasses—which may run all the way from ten to two hundred. Fat sheep, lambs, kids, pigs, men of all shades of political faith contribute to the feast. These they deliver upon the ground at sunset the day before the barbecue is to come off. The beasts are scientifically slaughtered, cooled, and hung to drain until one o'clock, or thereabout, when they go over the fire, which was built hours before, all the length of the pit. Its sides are now glowing hot and its bottom a mass of clear coals. As they die out, other coals are added from the supplemental fire glowing red at one end. The meat, skewered through with round clean sassafras sticks, is watched carefully throughout its twelve hours of cooking, basted with salt water, until crisply brown, then, just before it is eaten, plentifully bedabbled with "dipney"—a compound of sweet country lard and the strongest vinegar, made thick and hot with red and black pepper.

Savory meat it goes without saying, especially when eaten toward one o'clock by men of noble appetite, who breakfasted before sunrise, and have ridden or driven pell-mell five or ten or twenty miles. Womenkind and children relish it no less. All the family take part in this holiday. You may see a lusty lad of two munching crisply unctuous morsels so peppery the swallowing brings water to his eyes. Barbecue is not to be insulted by company of the cakes and kickshaws of the usual picnic dinner. Plenty of bread, and cucumbers, either fresh or pickled, are its proper garnishings, with, afterwards, a cup of black coffee, strong and piping hot, or two fingers of neat brandy or the best old whiskey.

So much for the material part. The environment is the usual grove beside a spring, or in the neighborhood of a church or school-house. There are seats all over the grove, the church or school benches supplemented handsomely by planks laid across logs. In front of the speakers' stand is a group of chairs for the local brass band. There are more chairs on the stand for the half-dozen speakers and distinguished visitors. At the back you see bunting galore—with the Stars and Stripes, and the State flag draped over a picture of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, or maybe the State coat of arms. More flags, more bunting, wave and flutter at the front about pictures of the rival candidates, framed each in a wreath of evergreen studded with flowers.

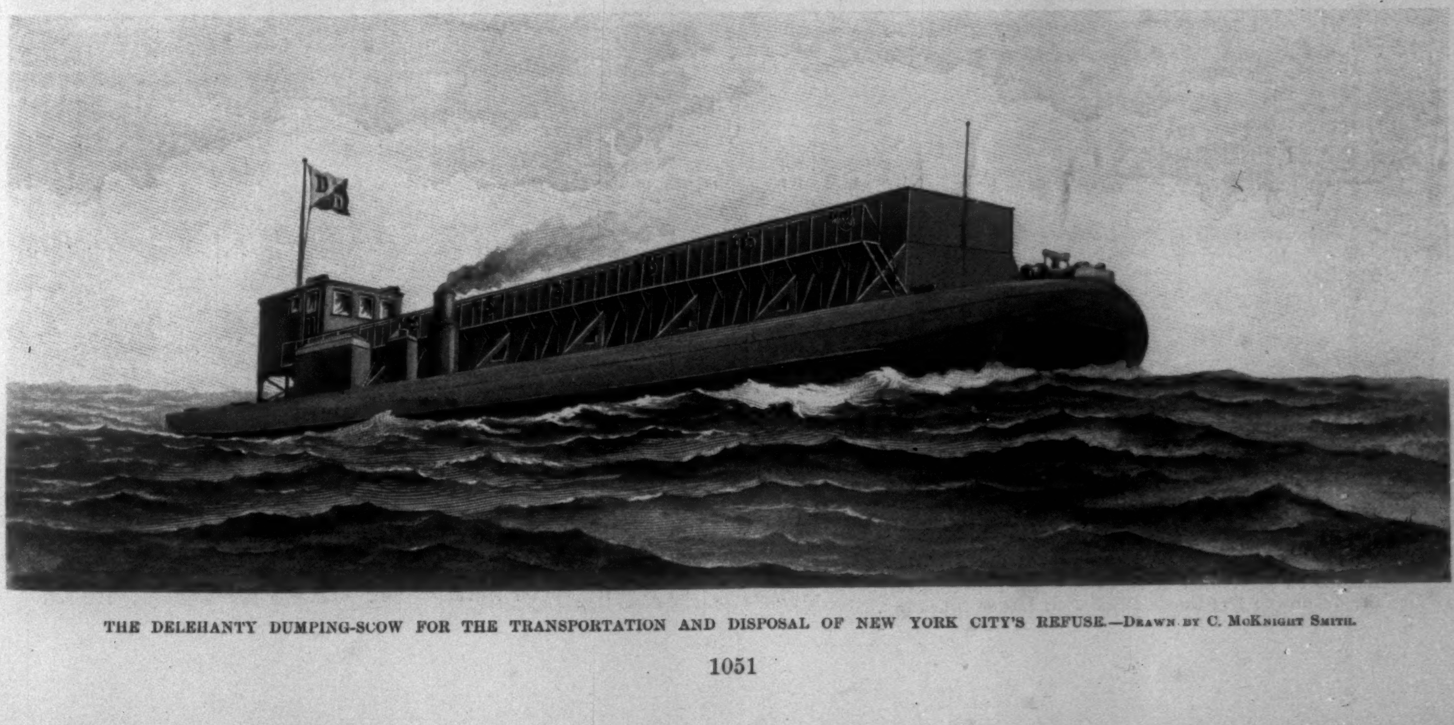
If the affair is of the first magnitude, say with a hundred carcasses and a crowd five thousand strong, there will likely be evergreen ropes swinging about the speakers' stand and outlining an aisle to it from the edge of the seats. As the speakers thread it to reach their allotted place there are impartial cheers, so loud, so ringing, of such mass and volume, that the band, playing for dear life, becomes but an echo of sound. Notwithstanding, every horn-man does his duty. The "Star-spangled Banner" slides off into "Dixie" by way of emphasizing that this is an occasion of amity and comity. If the contending orators are learned in all the nice sharp quillets of barbecue etiquette, they walk each arm in arm with his dearest foe. So do the local magnates, albeit less than a week ago, at the court-house or the cross-roads, each may have said roundly that a well-conducted horse-thief would be ashamed to profess the other's political creed.

Notwithstanding, "Come and let us reason together" is *not* the barbecue's underlying spirit. Conditions rather than theories make political converts. Here, as otherwhere, listeners are swayed by that argument which fits most nearly the predilections and prejudices of their own minds. Each side enjoys rapturously, though, hearing the other soundly berated in full face of that other's purblind adherents. And each is stirred to more than rapturous partisanship when clever and well-schooled lips voice eloquently the convictions thrilling in its own duller and slower comprehension. Well schooled and eloquent those lips must be. If they fall to prosing or to puerile platitudes, inside of ten minutes the audience begins to stir restlessly, talk springs up all over it; and though at the end there may be cheers, they will be stolid and stertorous, lacking wholly the keen under-cry which comes straight from the heart of a mass moved to the deepest depth.

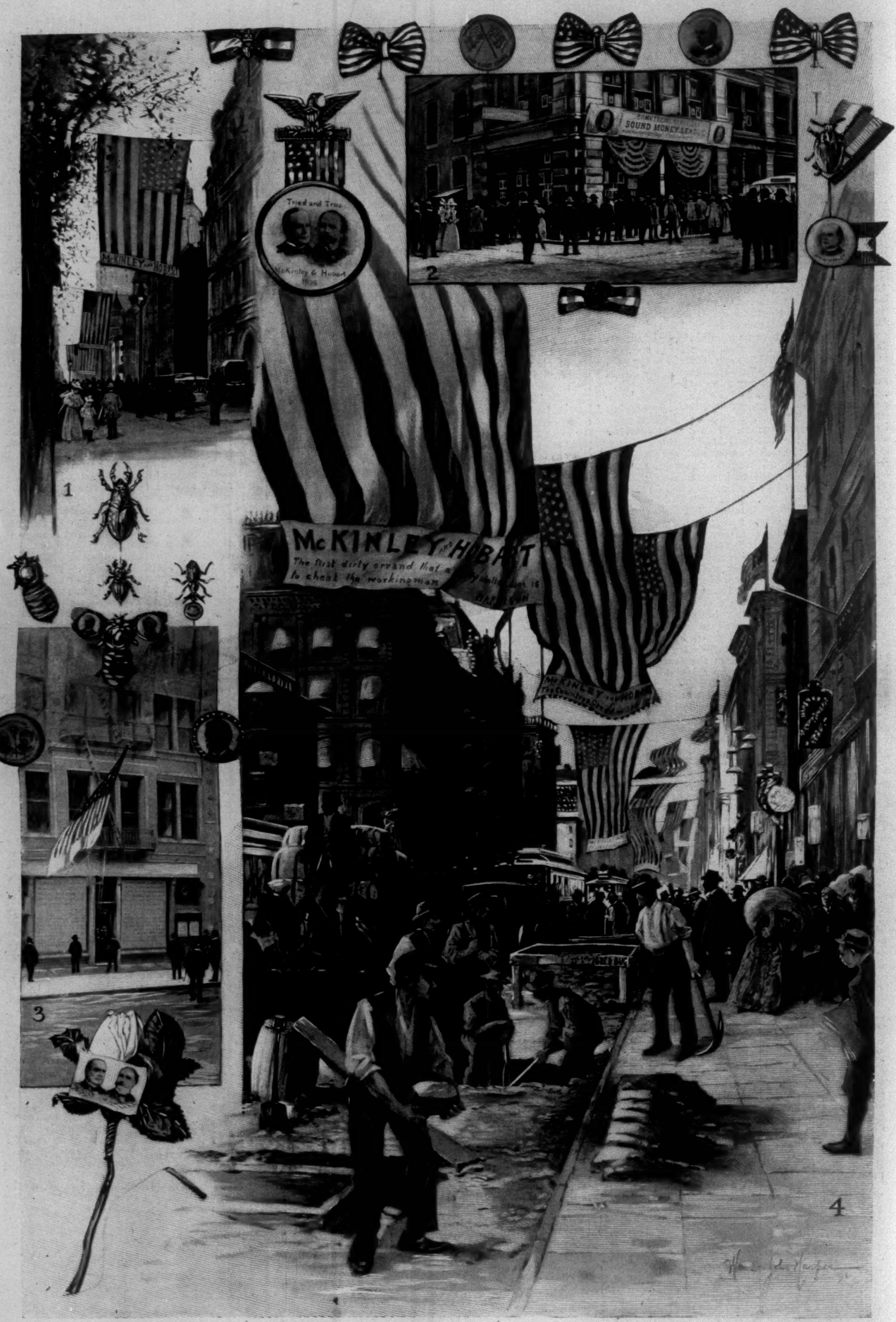
For every well-regulated barbecue has a full supply of organized enthusiasm. Managers look after that as carefully and as pridefully as the dinner, the seats, the care of the speakers, or the maintenance of order. Each side has its corps of shouters—men of lusty lung, any one of whom can be heard a mile away. The leaders of them have keen ears and quick comprehension. If they can in addition laugh with loud and convincing unction, they are perfectly equipped. They marshal their forces with skill—some back of the hustings, others by twos and threes in the outskirts of the crowd and along the aisle. An old or young man eloquent they follow with itching ears and eager eyes, breaking spontaneously into ringing cheers at each telling point, or filling the air with loud laughter at the climax of a story. But when tedium dribbles from the platform they rely upon the leaders, who alone listen, straining their ears to discern the matter which the speaker is trying to establish, and laughing or applauding when they find that, in his own opinion, the laugh or the cheering ought to come in.

Speaking begins before ten o'clock. "Gentlemen of the enemy, fire first!" is a saying the oratorical contestants often put in practice. Often, but not always. There are occasions when it is more than half the battle to get the fresh and uncloyed ear of a crowd. Then there is much jockeying for position, with victory to the heaviest battalion of shouters. Attack and rejoinder take up the forenoon. At one o'clock comes the call to dinner.

The throngs stream away to the long table, the band leading, speakers and managers just behind. With a long final fanfare, horn and fife fall silent. Then

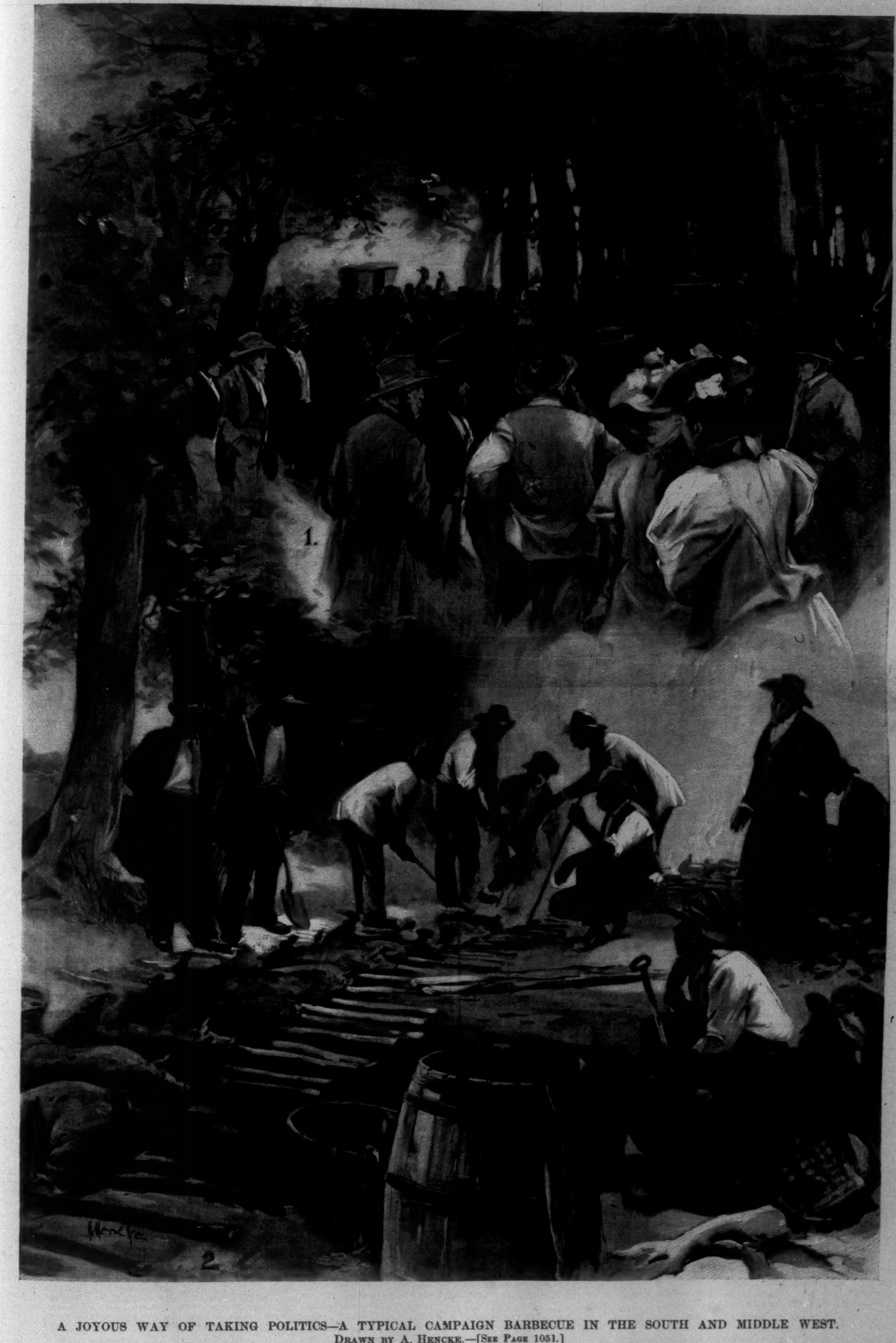


THE DELEHANTY DUMPING-SCOW FOR THE TRANSPORTATION AND DISPOSAL OF NEW YORK CITY'S REFUSE.—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.


Tried and True
McKinley & Hobart
1896
McKINLEY AND HOBART
SOUND MONEY LEAGUE
McKINLEY AND HOBART
The first dirty errand that
to cheat the workingman
1
2
3
4

THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE FIGHT FOR SOUND MONEY IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 1058.]

1. The Large Banner between the Equitable and Boreel Buildings on Lower Broadway. 2. Headquarters of the Commercial Travellers' Sound-Money League on the Corner of Broadway and Prince Street. 3. A McKinley and Hobart Club on Waverly Place. 4. The Banner Display through the Wholesale Dry-Goods District on Lower Broadway.



A JOYOUS WAY OF TAKING POLITICS—A TYPICAL CAMPAIGN BARBECUE IN THE SOUTH AND MIDDLE WEST.
DRAWN BY A. HENCKE.—[SEE PAGE 1051.]

1. The Speakers' Stand in the Grove. 2. Roasting the Savory Meat over "the Pit."

every man instantly concerns himself with seeing to it that every woman is properly waited upon before he thinks of satisfying his own appetite; not merely his wife or sister or sweetheart, but any woman whatever. Few there are who have not a proper escort, or two or three, yet one wholly unattended would fare quite as well. *Place aux dames* is rigidly the rule. Often the tables are enclosed by grape-vines nailed to trees about them, and no man is allowed inside unless he brings a woman with him or marches in the train of one, until every one is served. When the fairer half of creation is full fed, the gates become free to all. Such restriction is, however, needless, except in the ruder localities.

The ladies—God bless 'em!—are full of pretty partisan enthusiasm, still they do not hanker after the ballot. As one of them said, twirling her fan, "A man can give his side just one vote; a woman who is half a woman can easily win for it a dozen." That may be bad logic, but it voices imperfectly a subtle fact of social philosophy.

A LITTLE TALK ON FINANCE.

Query by Ye Farmer:

WHAT'S a-goin' to happen in that comin' happy day
When all the bloomin' silverites have gone an' had their way?
When gold has gone to ruin, and there's silver debts to pay,
What's a-goin' to happen then, ye Prophets, tell us, pray?

What's to save the people from the Western Silver-bugs
A-cornerin' the market and a-puttin' on their lugs,
A-lendin' us their silver, and expectin' us to pay
Back our debts in silver—what's to happen, eh?

Answer by Ye Politicians:

What's to happen? What's to happen in the coming happy day!
This—come hither, brother; bend your waiting ear this way—
Why should *not* hay pass for cash? Why may not the law
Give a legal-tender side to a bale of straw?

That's the vital point, my friend; that's the worst of gold;
Other things are made these days in much greater fold,
Where there are countless other things—sticks and stones and sand—
Lying all about us in this truly fertile land.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WAGES AND SILVER.

IF all men had perfect memories, there would be no need of written records. The experience of the father would be correctly remembered by the child to whom he related it, and so the knowledge of the experience of all generations past would be available in each person of to-day.

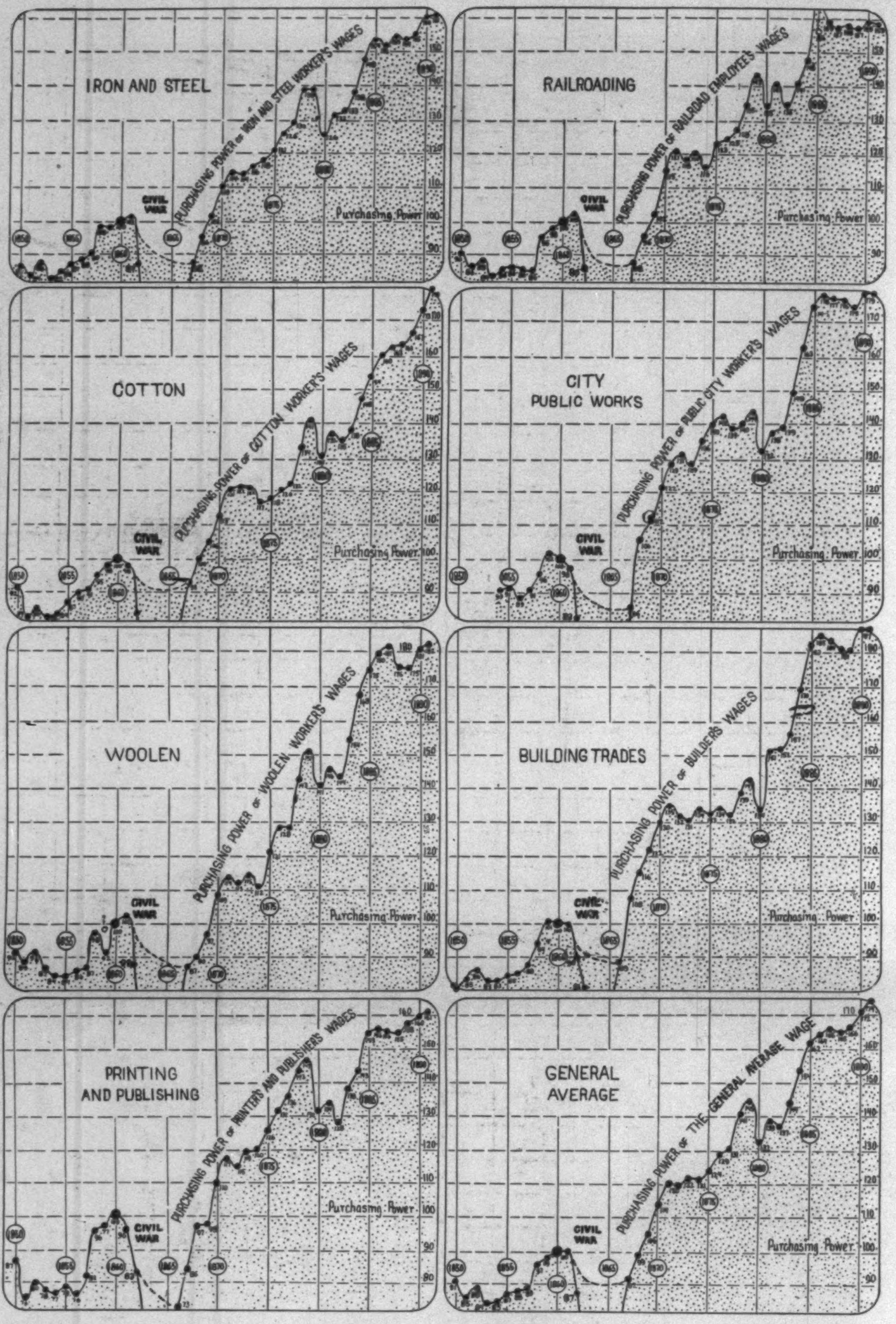
If all merchants and customers had perfect memories, there would be no need of book-accounts. If all bankers and depositors had perfect memories, there would be no need of bank-books. So, if all wage-earners and housekeepers had perfect memories, there would be no question about the purchasing power of wages before and after any given date.

Because the memory of the past hinges on certain impressive facts, it cannot be trusted. Impressive facts are uncommon facts, or they would not be impressive. The common occurrences are quickly lost in oblivion. Because the memory of ordinary happenings is short-lived, any reliable knowledge of the past must be drawn from records made at the date of occurrence.

Recognizing this fact, and realizing how many political controversies depend for their correct settlement upon an accurate knowledge of the prices and wages of earlier years, the Senate of the United States, in 1891, ordered a careful search of records of prices and wages to be made. Old ledgers and day-books, old expense accounts and payrolls, were brought out from the unused desks of merchants and manufacturers, and from the offices of railroads and hotels, and from their many other hiding-places, to make known the wage-earners' history of the past half-century. In order that the investigation should be honestly and thoroughly made, the committee charged with this work was composed of eminent Senators from both political parties. (For the composition of this committee see "Prices and Silver" in HARPER'S WEEKLY of October 10.)

The very important results of this painstaking and systematic inquiry are given in Senate Report No. 1394, Fifty-second Congress, Second Session. This report therefore furnishes material by which the purchasing power of wages may be correctly ascertained. Volume I., page 99, gives the gold prices of many groups of articles, such as food, clothing, house-furnishing goods, etc.; and also the general average price of the whole range of articles covered by the inquiry. Pages 173 and 174 give the wages of employees in the leading industries and in several of the smaller fields of labor, and also the average wage of all employees. The wage record is given in currency, but on page 99 the committee give the ratios used by them for reducing currency values to gold. Reducing the wages to gold by these ratios makes the wage record directly comparable with the price record, the same as though both had been given in currency. Dividing the wage record by the price record gives as a result the purchasing power of the wage in the article represented by the price selected. A great number of comparisons may therefore be made, according to the nature of the problem to be solved.

"*Crime of 1873.*"—In this present case it is proposed to test the silverite's claim that the "crime of 1873" has worked to the disadvantage of the great multitude of wage-earners in the United States. This being the problem, it is desirable to examine the records of several leading industries, and also the average for all industries. Since wage-earners have to buy food, clothing, and house-furnishing goods, and have also to build or rent homes, and to heat and light them, as well as to bear many other expenses, it seems to be most appropriate to ascertain how the average price of all these articles was related to wages during the period under investigation. In other words, What was the power of wages to purchase all these things? The answer is presented in the eight graphic diagrams accompanying this article. The period covered includes twenty-three years preceding and eighteen years following the "crime of 1873," and therefore gives ample scope for forming an intelligent judgment.



THE PURCHASING POWER OF WAGES—1850-1891.

The Diagrams.—The Senate Report gives all wages and prices for 1860 as 100, and all wages or prices greater than those of 1860 as greater than 100, and all wages or prices less than those of 1860 as less than 100. The purchasing power of wages, therefore, necessarily takes the same form. In each of the eight diagrams the 1860 dot is made large, so as to be readily seen. Each dot represents the purchasing power for a single year, and is placed lower or higher than the 1860 dot as the purchasing power was less or greater than that of 1860. The small figures accompanying the dots express their respective values. Each fifth year (and therefore each fifth dot) is marked by a perpendicular line carrying a circle, within which the date is recorded.

Iron and Steel.—One of the most important industries in the United States is the manufacture of iron and steel. Many students of economic questions regard it as the best single index of prosperity. The record of wage-earning in that industry is therefore one of the most important. The report of the Senate Committee on "Metals and Metallic Goods" is very full, embracing numerous records of the wages of machinists, blacksmiths, boiler-makers, moulders, pattern-makers, draughtsmen, etc., together with their foremen, apprentices, and helpers, including also "laborers" or unskilled workmen employed in the industry.

Dividing the average wage of all these workmen by the average price of all the articles embraced in ordinary living expenditure, year by year, gives the purchasing power delineated in the diagram "Iron and Steel."

The civil war makes a break in the record, because prices were so abnormally high as to reduce the purchasing power to an exceedingly low point; therefore the diagram is not drawn to include the low purchasing power of all those years. At the close of the war, prices were still very high, so that the purchasing power, even as late as 1867, was down to 88 (twelve points below that of 1860), as seen in the diagram. Wages, however, rose rapidly as peaceful arts developed. Prices began to drop nearer to normal rates, and therefore the purchasing power of wages rapidly increased. These two changes, the increase of wages and the decrease of prices (one or both), continued—irregularly, it is true—throughout the whole period.

The resulting increase of purchasing power of wages had reached 116 (sixteen points above 1860) in 1873, and in 1890 had mounted to 160—sixty points above 1860, and forty-four points above 1873. This particular industry, therefore, furnishes no proof of any disadvantage to its wage-earners from the "crime of 1873," or from any other source. The record of improvement is remarkable, and if iron and steel workers are to attribute their change of condition to the limiting of silver coinage, they have great reason to petition Congress to "do it again and keep it up," rather than to undo it; for if to undo it is to put their purchasing power down to 116 again, or below that ratio, then surely it is greatly to be resisted.

Other Industries.—Having examined the record of the purchasing power of the wage-earners of the iron and steel industry, the next step is to compare that record with those of other industries. That is very quickly done. It requires only a brief study of the eight diagrams to discover that each of the other records presented is a full twin to that of iron and steel.

Their similarity almost amounts to identity. Even the record of the "General Average" only slightly modifies the special features of any one of the seven individual exhibits. Some of them show a larger final increase in 1891, reaching ten, twenty, or more points higher than iron and steel. The fluctuations are a little more pronounced in some records than in others, but they occur so nearly at the same date and cover so nearly the same periods, as to make the coincidences only the more remarkable.*

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* The very critical reader will note a few instances in which the uniformity of record seems broken, notably the 1859 dot of "Woolen," the 1885 dot of "Railroading" (not shown), and the 1869 dot of "Printing and Publishing." This last is the only exception to the unbroken increase, after the war, to 1871. Two or three other less notable cases occur. These are all probably due to typographical errors in the respective wage records. A single figure printed wrong would easily make the difference.

It may be noted here also that if any reader chooses to test the correctness of the purchasing-power figures of the diagrams, it is only necessary to take the wage and price figures of the Senate Report and perform the division for himself, being sure that he uses currency prices with currency wages, or gold prices with gold wages.

The most noticeable variation is the comparative level in "Building Trades" and "Cotton" from 1871 to 1877, while in other industries the new advance begins two or more years earlier than 1888.

These matters, however interesting, are not pertinent to this inquiry, which asks whether wage-earners have been injured by the limitation of silver coinage in 1873. The answer is plainly just as clear and just as emphatic in the case of each of the other industries under review as in the case of "Iron and Steel." Nor is it necessary to portray the records of other industries. The seven here presented include the prominent ones of this country, and each one of the seven has a special signification in this investigation. It may be stated that the "Building Trades" employ more than twice as many wage-earners as any one of the other six industries represented, and the record shows a larger increase of purchasing power than any other, as seen by the diagram, which shows a register of 187 points in 1890 and 1891.

The Senate Report includes various other industries, each bearing the same testimony, and emphasizing the fact of a great increase in the purchasing power of wages since 1873. The most remarkable increase is that in "Ale, Beer, and Porter," which registers 126 in 1873, only twenty-six points higher than in 1860, and registers 243 in 1890 and 1891—one hundred and seventeen points higher than in 1873.

These records do not depend on memory, and they are not special selections of figures to suit the argument of the writer or the preference of the reader. They present the whole history of the purchasing power of wages in seven important industries, and in the average of all industries (not the average of the seven) from 1850 to 1891, except only the abnormal war period.

Each reader, therefore, makes his own judgment of the case, independently of writers, political leaders, or neighbors. Each reader knows, therefore, whether the proof is overwhelmingly for or against the claim of the silverite politician.

The "Crown of Thorns."—This investigation proves very clearly that the crown placed on the brow of labor, by the agencies operating to change its material conditions, between 1873 and 1891, is any other kind of a crown than one of "thorns." If the larger supplies of the home be considered, it may be called a crown of comfort. If the better education of the children be considered, it may be called a crown of knowledge. If the improvement be estimated in the "currency of the realm," it may be called a crown of gold. If self-respect and independence be considered, it may be called a crown of glory.

If labor's brow be to-day pierced by a "crown of thorns," it surely has come from some other source than the influence exerted by the silver legislation of 1873, and from some agency set in operation since 1891.

F. W. Hewes.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," "The Quality of Mercy," etc.

Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

XLIII.

WESTOVER was sitting at an open window of his studio smoking out into the evening air, and looking down into the thinly foliaged tops of the public garden, where the electrics fainted and flushed and hissed. Cars trooped by in the troubled street, scraping the wires overhead that screamed as if with pain at the touch of their trolleys, and kindling now and again a soft planet, as the trolleys struck the batlike plates that connected the crossing lines. The painter was getting almost as much pleasure out of the planets as pain out of the screams, and he was in an after-dinner languor in which he was very reluctant to recognize a step, which he thought he knew, on his stairs and his stairs-landing. A knock at his door followed the sound of the approaching steps. He lifted himself, and called out inhospitably, "Come in!" and, as he expected, Jeff Durgin came in. Westover's meetings with him had been an increasing discomfort since his return from Lion's Head. The uneasiness which he commonly felt at the first moment of encounter with him yielded less and less to the influence of Jeff's cynical *bonhomie*, and it returned in force as soon as they parted.

It was rather dim in the place, except for the light thrown up into it from the turmoil of lights outside, but he could see that there was nothing of the smiling mockery on Jeff's face which habitually expressed his inner hardihood. It was a frowning mockery.

"Hello!" said Westover.

"Hello!" answered Jeff. "Any commands for Lion's Head?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going up there to-morrow. I've got to see Cynthia, and tell her what I've been doing."

Westover waited a moment before he asked, "Do you want me to ask what you've been doing?"

"I shouldn't mind it."

The painter paused again. "I don't know that I care to ask. Is it any good?"

"No!" shouted Jeff. "It's the worst thing yet, I guess you'll think it. I couldn't have believed it myself, if I hadn't been through it. I shouldn't have supposed I was such a fool. I don't care for the girl; I never did."

"Cynthia?"

"Cynthia? No! Miss Lynde. Oh, try to take it in!" Jeff cried, with a laugh at the daze in Westover's face. "You must have known about the flirtation; if you haven't, you're the only one." His vanity in the fact betrayed itself in his voice. "It came to a crisis last week, and we tried to make each other believe that we were in earnest. But there won't be any real love lost."

Westover did not speak. He could not make out whether he was surprised or whether he was shocked, and it seemed to him that he was neither surprised nor shocked. He wondered whether he had really expected something of the kind, sooner or later, or whether he was not always so apprehensive of some deviltry in Durgin that nothing he did could quite take him unawares. At last he said: "I suppose it's true—even though you say it. It's probably the only truth in you."

"That's something like," said Jeff, as if the contempt gave him a sort of pleasure; and his heavy face lighted up and then darkened again.

"Well," said Westover, "what are we going to do? You've come to tell me."

"I'm going to break with her. I don't care for her—that!" He snapped his fingers. "I told her I cared because she provoked me to. It happened because she wanted it to and led up to it."

"Ah!" said Westover. "You put it on her!" But he waited for Durgin's justification, with a dread that he should find something in it.

"Pshaw! What's the use? It's been a game from the beginning, and a question which should win. *I* won. She meant to throw me over, if the time came for her, but it came for me first, and it's only a question now which shall break first; we've both been near it once or twice already. I don't mean she shall get the start of me."

Westover had a glimpse of the innate enmity of the sexes in this game; of its presence in passion that was lived and of its prevalence in passion that was played. But the fate of neither gambler concerned him; he was impatient of his interest in what Jeff now went on to tell him, without scruple concerning her, or palliation of himself. He scarcely realized that he was listening, but afterwards he remembered it all, with a little pity for Bessie and none for Jeff, but with more shame for her, too. Love seems more sacredly confided to women than to men; it is and must be a higher and finer as well as a holier thing with them; their blame for its betrayal must always be the heavier. He had sometimes suspected Bessie's willingness to amuse herself with Jeff, as with any other man who would let her play with him; and he would not have relied upon anything in him to defeat her purpose, if it had been anything so serious as a purpose.

At the end of Durgin's story he merely asked: "And what are you going to do about Cynthia?"

"I am going to tell her," said Jeff. "That's what I am going up there for."

Westover rose, but Jeff remained sitting where he had put himself astride of a chair, with his face over the back. The painter walked slowly up and down before him in the capricious play of the street light. He turned a little sick, and he stopped a moment at the window for a breath of the air.

"Well?" asked Jeff.

"Oh! You want my advice?" Westover still felt physically incapable of the indignation which he strongly imagined. "I don't know what to say to you, Durgin? You transcend my powers. Are you able to see this whole thing yourself?"

"I guess so," Jeff answered. "I don't idealize it, though. I look at the facts; they're bad enough. You don't suppose that Miss Lynde is going to break her heart over—"

"I don't believe I care for Miss Lynde any more than I care for you. But I believe I wish you were not going to break with her."

"Why?"

"Because you and she are fit for each other. If you want my advice, I advise you to be true to her—if you can."

"And Cynthia?"

"Break with *her*."

"Oh!" Jeff gave a snort of derision.

"You're not fit for her. You couldn't do a crueler thing for her than to keep faith with her."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it. Stick to Miss Lynde—if she'll let you."

Jeff seemed puzzled by Westover's attitude, which was either too sincere or too ironical for him. He pushed his hat, which he had kept on, back from his forehead. "Damned if I don't believe she would," he mused aloud. The notion seemed to flatter him and repay him for what he must have been suffering. He smiled, but he said: "She wouldn't do, even if she were any good. Cynthia is worth a million of her. If she wants to give me up after she knows all about me, well and good. I sha'n't blame her. But I shall give her a fair chance, and I sha'n't whitewash myself; you needn't be afraid of that, Mr. Westover."

"Why should I care what you do?" asked the painter, scornfully.

"Well, you can't, on my account," Durgin allowed. "But you do care on her account."

"Yes, I do," said Westover, sitting down again, and he did not say anything more.

Durgin waited a long while for him to speak before he asked, "Then that's really your advice, is it?"

"Yes, break with her."

"And stick to Miss Lynde."

"If she'll let you."

Jeff was silent in his turn. He started from his silence with a laugh. "She'd make a daisy landlady for Lion's Head. I believe she would like to try it awhile just for the fun. But after the ball was over—well, it would be a good joke, if it was a joke. Cynthia is a woman—she a'n't any corpse-light. She understands me, and she don't overrate me either. She knew just how much I was worth, and she took me at her own valuation. I've got my way in life marked out, and she believes in it as much as I do. If anybody can keep me level and make the best of me, she can, and she's going to have the chance, if she wants to. I'm going to act square with her about the whole thing. I guess she's the best judge in a case like this, and I shall lay the whole case before her, don't you be afraid of that. And she's got to have a free field. Why, even if there wa'n't any question of *her*," he went on, falling more and more into his vernacular, "I don't believe I should care in the long-run for this other one. We couldn't make it go for any time at all. She wants excitement, and after the summer folks began to leave, and we'd been to Florida for a winter, and then came back to Lion's Head—well! This planet hasn't got excitement enough in it for that girl, and I doubt if the solar system has. At any rate, I'm not going to act as advance-agent for her."

"I see," said Westover, "that you've been reasoning it all out, and I'm not surprised that you've kept your own advantage steadily in mind. I don't suppose you know what a savage you are, and I don't suppose I could teach you. I sha'n't try, at any rate. I'll take you on your own ground, and I tell you again you had better break with Cynthia. I won't say that it's what you owe her, for that won't have any effect with you, but it's what you owe yourself. You can't do a wrong thing and prosper on it—"

"Oh, yes you can," Jeff interrupted with a sneering laugh. "How do you suppose all the big fortunes were made? By keeping the commandments?"

"No. But you're an unlucky man if life hasn't taught you that you must pay in suffering of some kind, sooner or later, for every wrong thing you do—"

"Now that's one of your old-fashioned superstitions, Mr. Westover," said Jeff, with a growing kindliness in his tone, as if the pathetic delusion of such a man really touched him. "You pay, or you don't pay, just as it happens. If you get hit soon after you've done wrong, you think it's retribution, and if it holds off till you've forgot all about it, you think it's a strange Providence, and you puzzle over it, but you don't reform. You keep right along in the old way. Prosperity and adversity, they've got nothing to do with conduct. If you're a strong man, you get there, and if you're a weak man, all the righteousness in the universe won't help you. But I propose to do what's right, about Cynthia, and not what's wrong; and according to your own theory of life—which won't hold water a minute—I ought to be blessed to the third and fourth generation. I don't look for that, though. I shall be blessed if I look out for myself; and if I don't, I shall suffer for my want of foresight. But I sha'n't suffer for anything else. Well, I'm going to cut some of my recitations, and I'm going up to Lion's Head, to-morrow, to settle my business with Cynthia. I've got a little business to look after here, with some one else, first, and I guess I shall have to be about it. I don't know which I shall like the best." He rose, and went over to where Westover was sitting, and held out his hand to him.

"What is it?" asked Westover.

"Any commands for Lion's Head?" Jeff said, as at first.

"No," said Westover, turning his face away.

"Oh, all right." Durgin put his hand into his pocket unshaken.

XLIV.

"What is it, Jeff?" asked Cynthia, the next night, as they started out together after supper, and began to stroll down the hill towards her father's house. It lay looking very little and low in the nook at the foot of the lane, on the verge of the woods that darkened away to the northward from it, under the glassy night sky, lit with the spare young moon. The peeping of the frogs in the marshy places filled the air; the hoarse voice of the brook made itself heard at intervals through them.

"It's not so warm here, quite, as it is in Boston," he returned. "Are you wrapped up enough? This air has an edge to it."

"I'm all right," said the girl. "What is it?"

"You think there's something? You don't believe I've come up for rest over Sunday? I guess mother herself didn't, and I could see your father following up my little lies as if he wa'n't going to let one escape him. Well, you're right. There *is* something. Think of the worst thing you can, Cynthy!"

She pulled her hand out of his arm, which she had taken, and halted him by her abrupt pause. "You're not going to get through!"

"I'm all right on my conditions," said Jeff, with forlorn derision. "You'll have to guess again." He stood looking back over his shoulder at her face, which showed white in the moonlight, swathed airily round in the old-fashioned soft woollen cloud she wore.

"Is it some trouble you've got into? I shall stand by you!"

"Oh, you splendid girl! The trouble's over, but it's something you can't stand by me in, I guess. You know that girl I wrote to you about—the one I met at the college tea, and—"

"Yes! Miss Lynde!"

"Come on! We can't stay here talking. Let's go down and sit on your porch." She mechanically obeyed him, and they started on together down the hill again; but she did not offer to take his arm, and he kept the width of the roadway from her.

"What about her?" she quietly asked.

"Last night I ended up the flirtation I've been carrying on with her ever since."

"I want to know just what you mean, Jeff."

"I mean that last week I got engaged to her, and last night I broke with her." Cynthia seemed to stumble on something; he sprang over and caught her, and now she put her hand in his arm, and stayed herself by him as they walked.

"Go on," she said.

"That's all there is of it."

"No." She stopped, and then she asked, with a kind of gentle bewilderment, "What did you want to tell me for?"

"To let you break with me—if you wanted to."

"Don't you care for me any more?"

"Yes, more than ever I did. But I'm not fit for you, Cynthia. Mr. Westover said I wasn't. I told him about it—"

"What did he say?"

"That I ought to break with you."

"But if you broke with her?"

"He told me to stick to her. He was right about *you*, Cynthy. I'm not fit for you, and that's a fact."

"What was it about that girl? Tell me everything." She spoke in a tone of plaintive entreaty, very unlike the command she once used with Jeff when she was urging him to be frank with her and true to himself. They had come to her father's house and she freed her hand from his arm again, and sat down on the step before the side door with a little sigh as of fatigue.

"You'll take cold," said Jeff, who remained on foot in front of her.

"No," she said, briefly. "Go on."

"Why," Jeff began, harshly, and with a note of scorn for himself and for his theme in his voice, "there isn't any more of it, but there's no end to her. I promised Mr. Westover I shouldn't whitewash myself, and I sha'n't. I've been behaving badly, and it's no excuse for me because she wanted me to. I began to go for her as soon as I saw that she wanted me to, and that she liked the excitement. The excitement is all that she cared for; she didn't care for me except for the excitement of it. She

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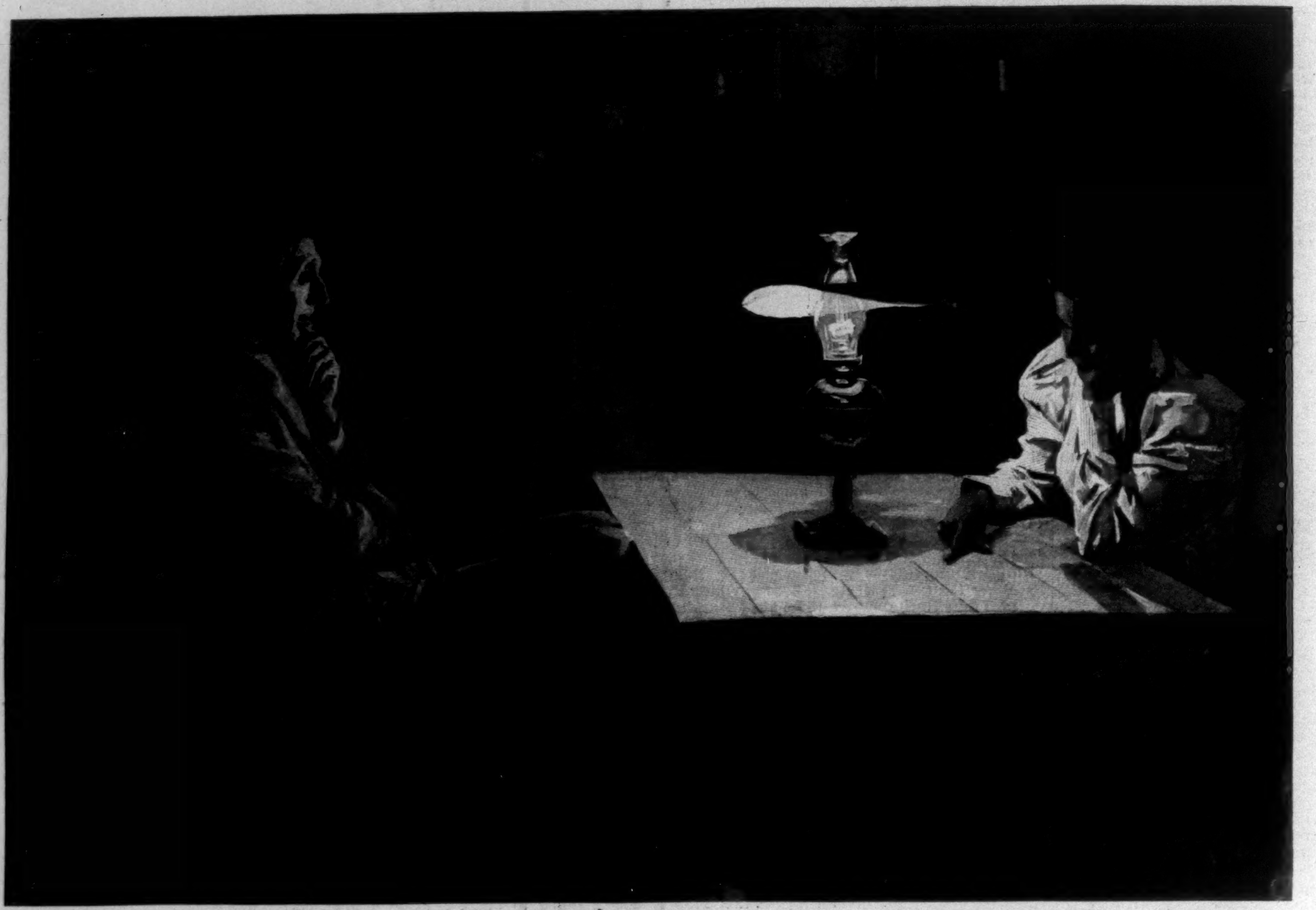
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2063.



"WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO?"

thought she could have fun with me, and then throw me over; but I guess she found her match. You couldn't understand such a girl, and I don't brag of it. All she cared for was to flirt with me, and she liked it all the more because I was a jay, and she could get something new out of it. I can't explain it; but I could see it right along. She fooled herself more than she fooled me."

"Was she—very good-looking?" Cynthia asked, listlessly.

"No!" shouted Jeff. "She wasn't good-looking at all. She was dark and thin, and she had little, slanting eyes; but she was graceful, and she knew how to make herself go further than any girl I ever saw. If she came into a room, she made you look at her, or you had to, somehow. She was bright too; and she had more sense than all the other girls there, put together. But she was a fool, all the same." Jeff paused. "Is that enough?"

"It isn't all."

"No, it isn't all. We didn't meet much at first, but I got to walk home with her from some teas; and then we met at a big ball. I danced with her the whole while, nearly, and—and I took her brother home— Pshaw! He was drunk; and I—well, he had got drunk drinking with me, at the ball. The wine didn't touch me, but it turned his head; and I took him home: he's a drunkard, anyway. She let us in, when we got to their house, and that kind of made a tie between us. She pretended to think she was under obligations to me, and so—I got to going to her house."

"Did she know how her brother got drunk?"

"She does now. I told her last night."

"How came you to tell her?"

"I wanted to break with her. I wanted to stop it, once for all, and I thought that would do it, if anything would."

"Did it make her willing to give you up?"

Jeff checked himself in a sort of retrospective laugh. "I'm not so sure. I guess she liked the excitement of that, too. You couldn't understand the kind of girl she— She wanted to flirt with me that night I brought him home tipsy."

"I don't care to hear any more about her. Why did you give her up?"

"Because I didn't care for her, and I did care for you, Cynthy."

"I don't believe it." Cynthia rose from the step, where she had been sitting, as if with renewed strength. "Go up and tell father to come down here. I want to see him." She turned and put her hand on the latch of the door.

"You're not going in there, Cynthia," said Jeff. "It must be like death in there."

"It's more like death out here. But if it's the cold you mean, you needn't be troubled. We've had a fire today, airing out the house. Will you go?"

"But what do you—what are you going to say to me?"

"I don't know, yet. If I said anything now, I should tell you what Mr. Westover did: go back to that girl, if she'll let you. You're fit for each other, as he said. Did you tell her that you were engaged to some one else?"

"I did, last night."

"But before that she didn't know *how* false you were. Well, you're *not* fit for her, then; you're not good enough."

She opened the door and went in, closing it after her. Jeff turned and walked slowly away; then he came quickly back, as if he were going to follow her within. But through the window he saw her as she stood by the table with a lamp in her hand. She had turned up the light, which shone full in her face and revealed its severe beauty broken and writhen with the effort to repress her weeping. He might not have minded the severity or the beauty, but the pathos was more than he could stand. "Oh, *Lord!*" he said with a shrug, and he turned again and walked slowly up the hill.

When Whitwell faced his daughter in the little sitting-room, whose low ceiling his hat almost touched as he stood before her, the storm had passed with her, and her tear-drenched visage wore its wonted look of still patience.

"Did Jeff tell you why I sent for you, father?"

"No. But I knew it was trouble," said Whitwell, with a dignity which his sympathy for her gave a countenance better adapted to the expression of the lighter emotions.

"I guess you were right about him," she resumed. She went on to tell in brief the story that Jeff had told her. Her father did not interrupt her, but at the end he said, inadequately: "He's a comical devil. I knew about his gittin' that feller drunk. Mr. Westover told me when he was up here."

"Mr. Westover did!" said Cynthia, in a note of indignation.

"He didn't offer to," Whitwell explained. "I got it out of him in spite of him, I guess." He had sat down with his hat on, as his absent-minded habit was, and he now braced his knees against the edge of the table. Cynthia sat across it from him with her head drooped over it, drawing vague figures on the board with her finger. "What are you goin' to do?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"I guess you don't quite realize it yet," her father suggested, tenderly. "Well, I don't want to hurry you any. Take your time."

"I guess I realize it," said the girl.

"Well, it's a pootty plain case, that's a fact," Whitwell conceded. She was silent, and he asked, "How did he come to tell you?"

"It's what he came up for. He began to tell me at once. I was certain there was some trouble."

"Was it his notion to come, I wonder, or Mr. Westover's?"

"It was his. But Mr. Westover told him to break off with me, and keep on with her, if she would let him."

"I guess that was pootty good advice," said Whitwell, letting his face betray his humorous relish of it. "I guess there's a pair of 'em."

"She was not playing any one else false," said Cynthia, bitterly.

"Well, I guess that's so, too," her father assented. "'Ta'n't so much of a muchness as you might think, in that light." He took refuge from the subject in an undirected whistle.

After a moment the girl asked, forlornly, "What should you do, father, if you were in my place?"

"Well, there I guess you got me, Cynthy," said her father. "I don't believe 't any man, I don't care how old he is, or how much experience he's had, knows exactly how a girl feels about a thing like this, or has got any call to advise her. Of course, the way I feel is like takin' the top of his head off. But I d'know," he added, reflectively, "as *that* would do a great deal of good, either. *I* presume a woman's got rather of a chore to get along with a man, anyway. "We a'n't any of us much to brag on. It's out o' sight, out o' mind, with the best of us, *I* guess."

"It wouldn't be with Jackson—it wouldn't be with Mr. Westover."

"There a'n't many men like Mr. Westover—well, not a *great* many; or Jackson, either. Time! I wish Jackson was home! He'd know how to straighten this thing out, and he wouldn't weaken over Jeff much—well, not *much*. But he a'n't here, and you've got to act for yourself. The way I look at it is this: you took Jeff when you know'd what a comical devil he was, and I presume you ha'n't got quite the same right to be disappointed in what he done as if you hadn't knowed. Now mind, I a'n't excusin' him. But if you knowed he was the feller to play the devil if he got a chance, the question is whether—whether—"

"I know what you mean, father," said the girl, "and I don't want to shirk my responsibility. It was everything to have him come right up and tell me."

"Well," said Whitwell, impartially, "as far forth as that goes, I don't think he's strained himself. He'd know you would hear of it sooner or later anyway, and he ha'n't just found out that he was goin' wrong. Been keepin' it up for the last three months, and writin' you all the while them letters you was so crazy to get."

"Yes," sighed the girl. "But we've got to be just to his disposition as well as his actions. I can see it in one light that can excuse it some. He can't bear to be put down, and I know he's been left out a good deal among the students, and it's made him bitter. He told me about it; that's one reason why he wanted to leave Harvard this last year. He saw other young men made much of, when he didn't get any notice; and when he had the chance to pay them back with a girl of their own set that was trying to make a fool of him—"

"That was the time for him to remember *you*," said Whitwell.

Cynthia broke under the defence she was trying to make. "Yes," she said, with an indrawn sigh, and she began to sob piteously.

The sight of her grief seemed to kindle her father's wrath to a flame. "Anyway you look at him, he's been a dumn blackguard; that's what he's been. You're a million times too good for him; and I—"

She sobbed herself quiet, and then she said: "Father, I don't like to go up there to-night. I want to stay here."

"All right, Cynthy. I'll come down and stay with you. You got everything we want here?"

"Yes. And I'll go up and get the breakfast for them in the morning. There won't be much to do."

"Dumn 'em! Let 'em get their own breakfast!" said Whitwell, recklessly.

"And, father," the girl went on as if he had not spoken, "don't you talk to Mrs. Durgin about it, will you?"

"No, no. I sha'n't speak to her. I'll just tell Frank you and me are goin' to stay down here to-night. She'll suspicion something, but she can figure it out for herself. Or she can make Jeff tell her. It can't be kept from her."

"Well, let him be the one to tell her. Whatever happens, I shall never speak of it to a soul besides you."

"All right, Cynthy. You'll have the night to think it over,—I guess you won't sleep much,—and I'll trust you to do what's the best thing about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

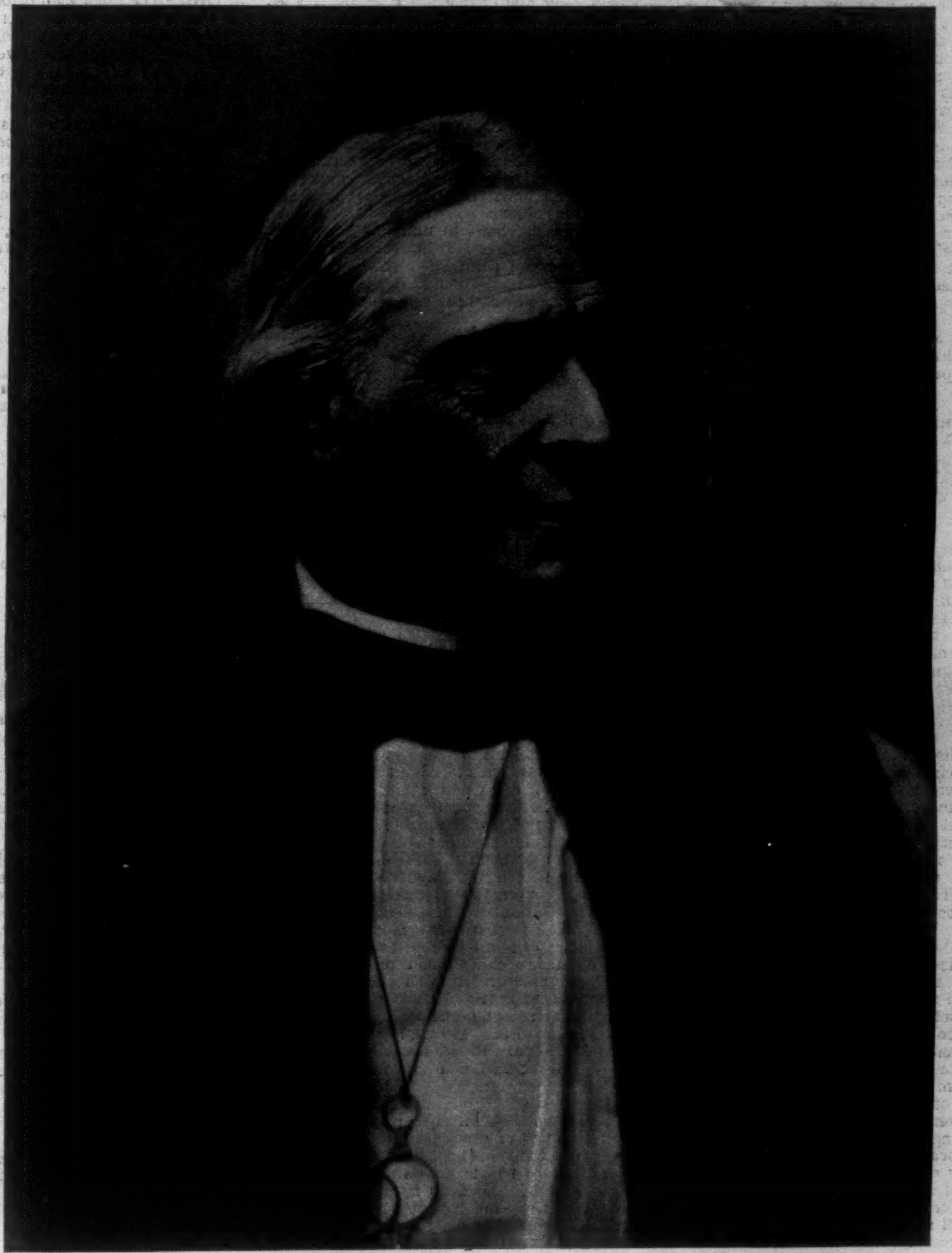
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

To the man in the street the Archbishop of Canterbury was little more than an abstraction. One caught sight of him now and then on state occasions, when his calm, mild face always attracted attention, and a few years ago he was to be seen not infrequently riding leisurely about the London parks. But he was never anything of a public character, and there was practically no curiosity concerning his private life and opinions. Even in London society he was not a prominent figure. He never attained to anything like the popularity of Dean Stanley, whose vivid conversation and happy genial nature made him an almost universal favorite. He had in him still less of the many-sidedness and social accomplishments which distinguished Bishop Wilberforce. The late Archbishop impressed one as a quiet, thoughtful, scholarly man, who was satisfied apparently with merely looking the part of a dignified ecclesiast—which he did to perfection—without caring in the least to dazzle society with a display of wit or learning. In personal appearance he was an ideal head for the Established Church—of fine figure, gentle, placid expression, pleasant features of the recognized clerical type, and beautiful white hair. He looked exceedingly well in a cathedral pulpit. His sermons were like himself, simple and direct, with no straining after oratorical effects. His style of speaking was clear, thoughtful, stately, and sometimes even noble. It exactly suited its purpose. It was that of a man who did not set up for a great pulpit orator, and who, when he spoke, wished that his ideas rather than his words should impress his hearers. On the whole, it was perhaps just as well that the Archbishop was not a preacher of the Dean Farrar or Canon Liddon order. It is very much to be doubted whether the English public would be quite delighted to have an Archbishop who was also a really great orator. Genuine eloquence would probably impress a great many respectable persons as a gift not exactly suited to an Archbishop—as something which might be all very well for deans and canons, but which would hardly become dignitaries of the very highest station.

Archbishop Benson certainly was not an inspiring preacher. Had he not been Archbishop, he would probably not have drawn any larger congregations than ordinary provincial clergymen. This may account to some extent for the general lack of popular interest in him. Indeed, one may fairly assume that his death has not come to the average Englishman with nearly such a sense of loss as has been often felt for less important and less venerable persons.

Edward White Benson was born sixty-seven years ago, in a suburb of Birmingham. He was educated at King Edward's School in that city, an institution which continues to send out an astonishing number of distinguished clerics. Among his schoolfellows were two future bishops, Westcott and Lightfoot, of the latter of whom it used to be said that he would have been Archbishop if he had only been better looking. From Birmingham Benson went to the greatest of Cambridge Colleges, Trinity, where he repeated Mr. Gladstone's Oxford success by taking the highest prizes both in classics and mathematics—a performance considerably easier in 1852 than it is now. He began life as an assistant master in Rugby School, and in less than six years became head master of Wellington College, one of the finest of the great English schools. Like the majority of English schoolmasters, he had taken orders, either with the intention of actively working in the Church or simply as a necessary step for advancement in his profession. Unlike many of his brethren, he was able to throw aside the pedagogue when he became a bishop. At Wellington he made himself felt as an able, if somewhat severe, schoolmaster. He held his position till 1872, when he became examining chaplain to the late Bishop of Lincoln, and by him was appointed Prebendary, Chancellor, and finally Canon to Lincoln Cathedral. He was at the same time preacher to the University of Cambridge and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen. From 1875 to 1877 he officiated as Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty. In those years he laid the foundations of his later success. He ingratiated himself with the Queen and court and attracted the notice of Lord Beaconsfield, who always kept a shrewd eye on rising men.

In 1877 he was nominated to the Bishopric of Truro, which he held for five years, doing much excellent work there, rebuilding the magnificent cathedral, making himself popular with the Churchmen of his diocese, and giving little offence, except on one memorable occasion, to the Dissenters. The death of Dr. Tait, in 1882, left the Archbishopric of Canterbury vacant, and after it had been offered to and refused by Dr. Church, Mr. Gladstone settled it upon Dr. Benson. He has made an entirely safe and inoffensive Archbishop during an uneventful period. It is impossible to get up any enthusiasm for or against his administration. He has not perhaps done as much for the Church as was hoped; on the other hand, he has done it very little harm. The only emergency he was called upon to face was the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln for idolatrous practices some five years ago, and there he effected a judicious compromise. In the House of Lords he was a firm but not aggressive Conservative. Altogether, so far as the outsider can see, his has been an unexciting, colorless, but, on the whole, creditable career. He had not enough strength of character in him to leave behind a great name in ecclesiastical history. He simply performed his duties quietly and with grace and dignity. Such a man could not in the nature of things be a popular hero. As a brilliant epigram-coiner said two years ago, he was far better known as the father of the author of *Dodo* than as Archbishop of Canterbury. PICAROON.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST REVEREND EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
Archbishop of Canterbury. Died October 10, 1896.

POINTS IN THE CURRENCY PROBLEM NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY DAVID A. WELLS.

HOW THE CHINESE SETTLED A CURRENCY DISTURBANCE.

IT is a principle generally overlooked by economists and students of finance, and one that does not seem to have even been alluded to in recent discussions about silver, that the kind of money a country will have and use, depends upon and will vary with the value of its transactions, the price of its labor, and the rapidity and magnitude of its exchanges; and that when the people of any country have once found out what metal or other instrumentality of exchange is best adapted to their wants, that metal or other instrumentality they will employ, and statute laws can do little more than recognize and confirm the fact. Thus, in China and its dependencies, including more than one-third of the population of the globe, the government provides only one kind of money, namely, a coarse heavy disk, composed largely of copper, and known to foreigners by the name of "cash." It is made with a square hole in the centre, for convenience in stringing on a cord in tens, or its decimals, and as a commodity has a value considerably less than an American cent. There is no such coin as a "tael" in existence, the term being merely applied to a weight used in the customs and for the collection of land, revenue, and internal taxes. The question naturally suggests itself, how can so commercially shrewd a people as the Chinese use a coin so heavy and coarse and of such trifling value in making their exchanges?

The answer is very simple, and illustrates the wisdom and not the foolishness of the government of China. The wages of manual labor in China do not in general exceed fifteen cents a day; and the wage recipient obviously requires that his daily earnings, when paid in money, shall be capable of ready division into many multiples, in order to be exchanged for the many necessities of himself or his family—two cash, for example, for rice, two for fuel, three for fish, five for cloth or rent, something for red paper to burn on the graves of his ancestors, etc. The equivalent of fifteen cents in gold would be too small to be conveniently handled. The inconvenience of silver, to people with coarse fingers and no pockets, would be almost as great, as the sum necessary to buy a pound of rice and purchase a chopstick to eat it with would be represented by a piece of silver, even at its present value, little larger in circumference than a small split pea. But with bulky, heavy cash, with coarse insignia on its surface indicating its genuineness, the Chinese laborer has no difficulty in making his money exchanges, and no international influences will persuade him to use anything else for money. Small, moreover, as is the commodity value of its single coin, the Chinese government has learned through hard experience to be very careful that it shall not be impaired in value by over-issue, or supply in excess of popular demand, or by debasement. The following narrative, which has probably not yet found a place in history, of how the Chinese government and people dealt some fifty years ago with a serious currency disturbance of their "*cash*" currency, was related to the writer by the late N. M. Beckwith, of New York, who, as a partner at the time in the great American commercial house of Russell & Co., at Shanghai, was a witness and fully cognizant of what happened.

About the time mentioned the Viceroy, or Governor-General, of the province of Kiang-su, embracing some 20,000,000 of inhabitants in an area of 44,500 square miles (a little smaller than the State of New York), and the city of Shanghai, with about 500,000 population, conceived the idea of enriching himself by debasing the value of the "cash" by substituting a considerable proportion of cast iron in place of copper in its composition—a result which could be readily effected, as the *cash* money is melted and cast, in the place of being coined by stamping; and if the profit resulting from the debasing a coin of so small intrinsic value may seem to have constituted too small a temptation for wrong-doing, it must be remembered that the cash is the only and current money medium of exchange of probably 400,000,000 of people, and represents many thousand millions of separate pieces.

At the outset the practical exemplification of the ideas of their Viceroy was probably not even so much as suspected by the people over whom he exercised despotic authority, as it is a characteristic of the Chinese to implicitly obey, and not discuss the policy of their rulers; and their first recognition of anything going wrong was the fact that there was more *cash* in circulation than usual, or was needed for the purpose of making exchanges, and that this over-supply, in accordance with the universal law of supply and demand, was diminishing its purchasing power, or, what was the same thing, reducing the wages of the masses. What immediately followed is not precisely known. But certainly there was no discussion in the newspapers, for the Chinese have none. There certainly was no oratory at the street corners or in auditoriums, for the Viceroy would have speedily shortened by a head the stature of the orators. But that full discussion and preconcerted action did take place among the populace of the city of Shanghai in respect to their special grievance is fully proved by what did happen, which was substantially as follows:

It was the custom of the Viceroy, on certain festal days, to officially enter and traverse the city with great pomp and circumstance, when the people generally turned out to greet and honor him, scattering flowers in his pathway, crowning him with garlands, decorating their houses, and making low obeisances as he passed. But upon one of these sequential and special occasions things were entirely different. The populace turned out as never before, but there were no obeisances, no decorations, no strewing of flowers or crowning with garlands; but in their place the Viceroy was pelted from every side with cash, and struck on the head with long strings of cash, until, in fear of his life and greatly injured, he precipitately fled, and sought refuge, with his retinue, in his palace beyond the walls of the city. From thence messengers were hastily sent to the Imperial Council at Peking, announcing that a revolution had broken out, and asking assistance to suppress it, and also that a commission be sent to investigate and punish the offenders. The request was at once complied with. A commission of high mandarins was at once sent down to Shanghai, who investigated; and shortly after their return to Peking an edict, in the name of the Emperor, was issued and placarded in the city, which substantially was as follows: "That whereas so and so (naming the Viceroy), whom the Emperor had greatly honored, had abused the trust confided to him by robbing and defrauding the people whom he was appointed to rule over, therefore there was no longer any place for him among the living." Thereupon the offending official at once and forever disappeared. What became of him was not definitely known, but it was all but certain that he either committed suicide or was executed as a common criminal. And since this experience it is not on record that any one has ever again attempted to debase the Chinese currency. And yet not a few in this country regard the Chinese as barbarians, and appear to think that the policy of this unfortunate Viceroy should have been endorsed and perpetuated rather than condemned.

A LESSON TO WAGE-EARNERS FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF MEXICO.

Although much has been recently written respecting the silver experience of Mexico, the salient feature of that experience does not seem to have been as clearly brought to the comprehension of American wage-earners as it might and ought to be.

Mexico is on a monometallic silver basis, and Mexican silver coinage is legal tender in that country. Mexico is a large producer of silver, and annually exports a large amount of this metal in excess of any domestic requirements, which it sells in the markets of the world at its bullion price, or in other words for gold or other commodities, the value of which is reckoned on a gold basis. As the price which the surplus product of any country in excess of its domestic requirements will sell for (*i. e.*, when exported) fixes the price of the whole (product), the Mexican government cannot make its silver money circulate at its nominal value—of 100 cents on the dollar—in its own territory, except through its legal-tender quality, which requires its acceptance at that rate in the payment of domestic debts or services. Where the legal-tender quality is not operative, the Mexican dollar will not pass except at its bullion value, which upon the London market was recently quoted at 50¼ to 52¼ cents.

Let us now see how this condition of things affects the Mexican wage-earner or salaried man. Mexico exports many commodities other than silver—coffee, cotton, vanilla, hides and skins, woods, wool, cattle, fruits, fibres, etc. All these command gold payments in the markets of the world where they are sold. Note next the opportunity thus afforded to the Mexican employer of labor. For with every gold dollar he receives in payment of what he exports, he can buy two nominal silver dollars, with every one of which he can settle a contract to pay a dollar, and thereby reduce the dollar wages of his employees to the extent of fifty per cent. And this is exactly what is done in Mexico, and the laborer cannot help himself at the present time, for there is no way for him to do it except by doubling his rate of wages; and this, with two or more men ready to take every vacated opportunity to earn wages, is not an easy thing to accomplish. And this is exactly what may, and probably will happen in the United States if its laboring masses by their suffrages establish free and unlimited silver coinage, and invest its monetary product with the legal-tender quality. It is almost unnecessary to say that certain branches of industry in Mexico are enjoying unwonted prosperity; but no one has yet reported that the poor, ignorant, laboring population of Mexico, who have not yet learned that their time-honored dollar has not half the value that it used to have, are in a high state of prosperity.

MORE DAMAGE TO THE GOLD-APPRECIATION THEORY.

The phenomenal and universal decline in prices which has been in progress during the last twenty-five or thirty years still continues in as marked a degree as ever, although the great additions recently made to the world's stock of gold would seem to indicate a decrease in its purchasing power, and a consequent *increase* in prices, rather than a continued appreciation and a consequent continued *decrease* in prices. The recent investigations of M. Sauerbeck, an acknowledged authority on this subject, indicate the number 59.2 as the average price of forty-five of the leading commodities of the world in the London market in July, 1896, as compared with 100, the average price of the same commodities during the period of 1867–77, the present figures marking the lowest average decline hitherto ever experienced. Advocates of and believers in the theory that the appreciation of gold or the demonetization of silver is determinative and responsible for the world's phenomenal movement in prices will find in the recent extraordinary price experiences of one of the world's great commodities—namely, sugar—a problem very difficult of solution on their basis of assumption. During the early months of the present year, with a prospective large deficiency in the average annual supply of Cuban sugar, the American market price of this commodity ruled high (4.37 cents per pound for centrifugal raws), but to-day (October, 1896), notwithstanding this apprehension has been made certain—the deficiency in the receipts in the United States of sugar exported from Cuba having fallen from 997,594 tons during the first nine months of 1894 to 243,872 tons in the corresponding period of 1896—the same grade of sugars sells in the New York market for 3 cents per pound, or within a fourth of one cent of the lowest price ever known to commerce. The legitimate and all-sufficient explanation of these curious price movements is to be found in the fact that the beet-root-sugar-producing countries in Europe, and the cane-sugar countries of southern Asia, notably the Island of Java, have increased their exports of sugar to the United States to an extent which has more than supplemented any recent deficiency in the sugar exports of Cuba, the increase supply from Europe, for example, having been from 96,582 tons in the first nine months of 1894 to 448,659 tons in the corresponding months of 1895.

HAS THE BURDEN OF TAXATION BEEN INCREASED IN THE UNITED STATES BY A DECLINE IN THE PRICES OF COMMODITIES?

In the so-called bimetallic discussion in the United States it has been over and over again unqualifiedly asserted, that owing to the remarkable decline in the average prices of general commodities (estimated at about thirty-one per cent. from 1867–77 to 1886–88, and in a continuing degree in subsequent years), and which in turn has been assumed to have been occasioned by the demonetization of silver and consequent appreciation in the value or purchasing power of gold, the burden of the national debt of the United States, and also of all private debts, especially such as are in the nature of mortgages on land or other productive fixed capital, has been greatly increased; inasmuch as a greater effort of labor or an increased amount of the products of labor—typically cotton, cereals, and iron—had become necessary to liquidate such debts and the interest thereon. Thus in 1888 a memorial signed by ninety-five members of the United States House of Representatives of the Forty-eighth Congress, and presented to the President of the United States, contained the following statement:

> "Eighteen million bales of cotton were the equivalent in value of the entire interest-bearing national debt in 1865 ($2,221,000,000); but it will take thirty-five million bales at the price of cotton now (1888) to pay the remainder of such debt ($1,196,000,000). Twenty-five million tons of bar iron would have paid the whole debt ($2,674,000,000) in 1865; it will now take thirty-five million tons to pay what remains ($1,375,000,000) after all that has been paid."

The error in such reasoning, or assumption, is found in the circumstance that no consideration is given, or allowance made, for the different results of labor at the periods of price comparisons; and that the *real* cost of producing the staple commodities of the United States, or the effort needed to produce a given amount of general merchandise, or the number of days' work put into each piece of such merchandise, has on an average decreased during these periods more than their market prices have decreased. So that instead of the decline in the prices of commodities under consideration having increased the burden upon labor of national or other debts created before such decline, the burden has been lessened to just the extent that the average cost of producing commodities has declined to a greater degree than their average market prices. Thus all authorities are substantially agreed that there are few departments of industrial effort in which the saving of time and work in the twenty to thirty years next anterior to 1890 has not been at least *forty per cent.*, and in not a few instances has been much greater. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, for example, eighty per cent. In North Carolina the relative increase in cotton product and population from 1870 to 1880 was as 4.5 to 1. With slight changes in the relation of labor to product, the cotton crop of the United States increased seventy-six per cent. between the years 1866 and 1872, and forty-nine per cent. between 1872 and 1886. In the case of certain leading articles of hardware, experts report that a given quantity which represented a labor cost in 1870 of a million of dollars can now be sold at profit for less than $500,000. Another striking illustration of the present cheapness of manufactured articles per unit, and as measured in terms of labor payments per hour or day, compared with former recent periods, and as the result of present industrial conditions, is found in the statement that wire nails are so cheap that if a carpenter drops a nail it is cheaper to let it lie fallen than to take time to pick it up.

Investigations now in progress are reported as proving that even if it takes two thousand bushels of wheat to pay a debt incurred twenty-five years ago, with money then equivalent to only one thousand bushels, the farmer of the present day can make the two thousand bushels with less effort of labor and capital and get it to market with less cost than he could the lesser quantity at the former period of production. Mr. Altgeld is reported as meeting this latter argument by the statement that all the principal improvements in agriculture were made and in general use before 1873, while the fact is that hardly any of the great inventions in agricultural machinery or transportation had been perfected or come into general use at that time.

On the other hand, wages have been increased in the United States since 1870 in an approximative ratio with the increase in the effectiveness of labor in producing commodities, and touched the highest point ever known about the year 1890. During the same period debtors have gained greatly by the decrease in the cost of living, and an increased opportunity for laying up a surplus for meeting tax demands and other purposes. The assumption that the comparatively recent fall in the price of commodities in the United States has increased the burdens of taxation upon its people therefore merits the characterization of being one of the most irrational and fictitious of popular economic fallacies.

CAMPAIGN BANNERS IN NEW YORK.

To a stranger within the gates of the city of New York it might not at first be apparent that there is more than one set of candidates in nomination for the Presidential election of next month. He might walk for many blocks along Broadway and the streets adjoining without seeing any but McKinley and Hobart banners, but these he would see in such great profusion as almost to compel the conclusion that the voters of New York are of one mind. Between Prince Street and Chambers Street, which constitute very nearly the northern and southern boundaries of the wholesale dry-goods district, there are forty-three McKinley and Hobart banners along Broadway alone, and at least one across every side street in both directions. Between Eighteenth Street and Twenty-third Street, through the retail district, there is a banner swinging at every block. The official record of campaign flags in the Public Works Department shows that permits have been issued for 402 McKinley and Hobart banners, whereas only 27 permits for Bryan and Sewall banners have been applied for, and one of these, the largest, is that which is stretched across Twenty-third Street, near the Hotel Bartholdi, the headquarters of the Democratic State Committee. Only four Palmer-and Buckner banners have been raised, and not a single flag can be found in all this great city showing the name of Thomas E. Watson, the Populist candidate for Vice-President.

The largest flag to be seen, and the largest of the kind ever raised in this city, swings in the breeze across Broadway between the Equitable and the Boreel buildings. It has nearly 3000 square feet of bunting.

The flags have been swung out usually at noon or toward five o'clock in the afternoon, when the streets are full of people, and upon each occasion the crowds have gathered to cheer the banner and the candidates. The flags between Eighteenth and Twenty-third streets on Broadway were raised between five and six o'clock one afternoon some four weeks ago, to the accompaniment of a military band. Thousands of people gathered and marched behind the musicians—business men, shoppers, and the vast throng of Broadway promenaders. The police cleared the half-mile of street, and the cheering body of men and women packed the thoroughfare from curb to curb. As each flag was unfurled the shouts and cheers drowned the music of the "Star-spangled Banner." This flag-raising lasted about an hour, and was undoubtedly the most popular occasion and demonstration of the kind ever seen in a political campaign in this city.

SECTIONALISM.

What State shall say, "I have no need of thee!"
Flouting a brother in the commonweal,
Instead of voicing a benign appeal
For fellowship and gracious amity?
Must we believe that any such there be,
Any that burn with an unholy zeal
To widen wounds concerted aims would heal,
Inspired by greed and rankling jealousy?

There was a time when sectional rancor swayed,
Empoisoning our common brotherhood
Till War rushed raging from his savage den:
A time of widowed wife and mourning maid,
When scarce the tremulous stir of Spring seemed good.
Just God, forefend that such should come again!

Clinton Scollard.

THE ISSUES OF THE ELECTION.

BY HENRY CHARLES LEA.

Revolutions never go backwards, and, in our ignorance of what may be the depth and extent of the movement represented by Mr. Bryan, it is worth while calmly to forecast the results that would follow his election. Already it is a novel and alarming experience to contemplate the possibility that a majority of the American people can be ready to intrust the enormous responsibilities of the Presidential office to a young and untried man, who has had inadequate opportunities of acquiring experience, who makes no serious pretensions to statesmanship, whose utterances show him to be emotional, impulsive, ill-balanced, and destitute of consecutive reasoning power, and whose only qualification, as thus far exhibited, lies in his mastery of the crafty skill requisite to inflame the passions, to arouse sectional hate, and to trade on envy and greed and the baser instincts of human nature. The passage of such a meteor across our political horizon is in itself sufficiently portentous, for it shows that liberty and equality, universal suffrage and boundless territory, no longer protect us from the social diseases of the Old World, that reckless discontent is spreading, and that there is readiness on the part of a large portion of our citizens to venture on rash experiments with little thought of the consequences. Such a temper is dangerous, even in military despotisms, and is doubly so where every gust of popular opinion can make itself felt in the ballot-box. If, in November, these disturbing factors should develop a strength even approaching the forces of conservatism, it would indicate that we are nearing a final struggle as desolating in itself and as far-reaching in its consequences as the late rebellion.

If these destructive elements should succeed in placing Mr. Bryan in the White House, the first question which suggests itself is the composition of his cabinet. With a Chief Magistrate so unfitted by natural gifts and training for the conduct of the complicated interests of a great nation, the character of his advisers is a matter of supreme importance, and one may well contemplate with dismay the circle to which his choice would be restricted. As all the well-tried Democratic statesmen, in whom the country has confidence, have abandoned the unholy alliance between Democracy and Populism, and as Mr. Bryan would necessarily select those who would represent the new era about to open, we should see the cabinet offices filled by the Altgelds, the Tillmans, the McCleans, the Blackburns, the Williamses, the Waites, and the Pennoyers, with possibly Senator Teller as the least objectionable of the group. It is not easy to picture to the imagination the conduct of the intricate details of foreign and domestic policy under such a chief, with such a variegated assortment of dangerous incapables, each one nursing his own pet nostrum for the relief of political ills and his own petty ambition for pelf or power. As Mr. Bryan has proclaimed his contempt for civil service rules, the wild rush for the spoils, by disreputable demagogues of the Coxey stripe, would exceed anything on record, and in the orgy of dismissals and appointments the public service would be thoroughly looted for the benefit of the most unfit, and would become a byword for corruption and incompetency. As Mr. Bryan, moreover, has announced his disapproval of the enforcement of the laws by the President within the States—that is, everywhere save in the Territories—unless called upon by the local authorities, agitators would have free scope in arousing the passions of the lawless, for they could feel confident that the President whom they had assisted to elect would be lukewarm in repressing their exuberance, even when regularly summoned by Governors or Legislatures.

Nor could we look for a recovery of sanity at the expiration of Mr. Bryan's term. Four years would be long enough to establish firmly the new order of things. The Supreme Court could be remodelled or swamped, till it could be depended upon to support its new masters. The distress and discontent which the sham Democracy has exploited so successfully would be aggravated and intensified, and would demand further progress in the same direction in the blind hope of relief. In the initial crash and panic that would follow the announcement of Mr. Bryan's election, the currency would promptly sink to a silver basis, to be followed in due time by the opening of the mints to the silver barons. Fluctuations of value and destruction of confidence would prolong and increase commercial and industrial depression. In the ensuing stagnation of ruin the cranks and demagogues, who had been thus far successful in deluding the people, would assure them, as heretofore, that the trouble lay in deficiency of currency, and the step would be easy to the great Populistic panacea of fiat money. We should plunge from depth to depth in the abysses of paper issues, every enlargement of the circulation leading to a wilder financial debauch. Four years would be all too short for this cycle of destruction to run its course, and at the expiration of Mr. Bryan's term we would have to look forward to a successor even more dangerous than he.

With the administration fairly in the hands of the lawless elements of society, Altgeld would be the appropriate candidate; and though the merciful accident of his nativity would save us from him, we would gain little in having Tillman or Watson or some new agitator of the same kidney claiming the suffrages of the people. Nor would such claim be in vain; for, with the executive machinery in their hands, the means which have proved so efficient in securing a solid South would be employed on a larger scale; the election would be a mockery, and force alone would be capable of driving from power the unclean faction which had clutched it. Exhausted society would turn in despair at last to the man on horseback, and republicanism would be lost in Cæsarism.

What we are threatened with, therefore, is not a mere question of financial expediency—it is a question of revolution. It is a question of law and order, of the principles which underlie the foundations of society, of transmitting to our children the priceless inheritance of the institutions received from our fathers. It is misery sufficient that the American people should even have been summoned to vote upon such questions; but they have been thrust upon us, and the answer must be given in no uncertain terms. Momentous as was the election of 1860, that of 1896 is equally big with the fate of the nation. Nor will an ordinary victory suffice. An inconclusive conflict may give to the Republicans the President and House of Representatives, but it would leave to the forces of disorder the hope of ultimate triumph. In that hope they would strengthen their lines and perfect their organization. The doubt and uncertainty that would hang over the land like a pall would postpone the restoration of confidence, and prolong the distress which is the political capital of the agitator and demagogue, and in 1900 they would return to the assault with augmented confidence and more assured chances of success. It is now that the decisive blow must be struck, and the friends of free institutions and good government must see to it that the blow be so crushing as to need no repetition.

Philadelphia, *October 6, 1896.*

NICOTINE AND HISTORY.

What did Pliny mean when he wrote "fumus per arundinem haustus"? Are we to translate it, "Smoke sucked through a reed"? Plutarch, Pomponius, both tell us of smoking barbarians. There is authority for believing that an Etruscan pipe now in a museum was used for smoking, for the pipe is of bronze and was a bowl. We find in Roman and Greek tombs pipes of clay or terra-cotta; but for all the metal or earth-baked dhudeens of the past, it is certain that tobacco was not used. The probability is that pipes were used filled with some weed, and the smoke was inhaled by those suffering from asthma. It was Bernal Diaz who first told us of a Montezuma smoking "beautifully painted and gilt tubes, which were filled with liquid amber and an herb called tobacco." The matter of tobacco is clinched by the good Father Clavigero, who says that "after dining the lords used to compose themselves to sleep with the serve of tobacco." Here is indeed the postprandial pipe or cigar. The old Peruvians did make cigars, and enormous ones, since we see a sculptured figure with a gigantic roll of tobacco in his lips. We all know well enough, then, that the weed *par excellence* was found in use in the West Indies, in South America, as Christopher Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci indicates it. But that is not the main question. Was tobacco only known in the New World? It is not sufficient to say that, being the least of human vices, the use of tobacco at once spread rapidly throughout the whole world. Suppose we begin at the beginning, which is the plant itself. There are innumerable varieties of tobacco, but they are not found in Europe; but what about tobacco as growing in China? There is every reason to suppose that tobacco was smoked here long before the Discovery. We know, too, that the tobacco-plant is indigenous in China. It is not like our American plant, and the prepared leaf is by no means so rich in nicotine. While the annals of the Flowery Kingdom cannot readily be traced back for thousands of years, it seems evident that, as far as European explorers are to be credited, tobacco as a plant was found there, and was both snuffed and smoked. Anyhow it seems safe to insist on this much, that in the twelfth or thirteenth century the Chinese were smokers. This tobacco matter seems to be at first but an incident, but there is more than that. We are always trying to find out whether America was or was not first peopled by men living to the west of it. Are, then, the aborigines of the New World Asiatic as to their origin? In that prehistoric time did the inhabitant of that portion of Asia nearer to America—say from Kamtchatka—cross by Bering Strait to Alaska, and bring his tobacco with him? This hypothesis seems to be a fair one. The man with Chinese or Mongolian blood in his veins may have carried the seed to America, and just as the potato flourished best when taken away from its original soil, so the inferior plant of China may have assumed the more vigorous form of the American *Nicotiana tabacum*. Thus the weed may be considered as tending to show how the migration in the far-distant period was from the West to the East, and so add to this theory another link, though it be nothing more than a flimsy cloud of tobacco smoke.

MARJORY.

Margaret is prim and wise,
  Madge is fair to see;
Marjory has laughing eyes,—
          Marjory for me!

Margaret doth naught amiss,
  Madge is fancy free;
Marjory is sweet to kiss,—
          Marjory for me!

Margaret's demure and cold,
  Madge must formal be;
Marjory, when kissed, will scold,—
          Yet,—
          Marjory for me!

Albert Lee.

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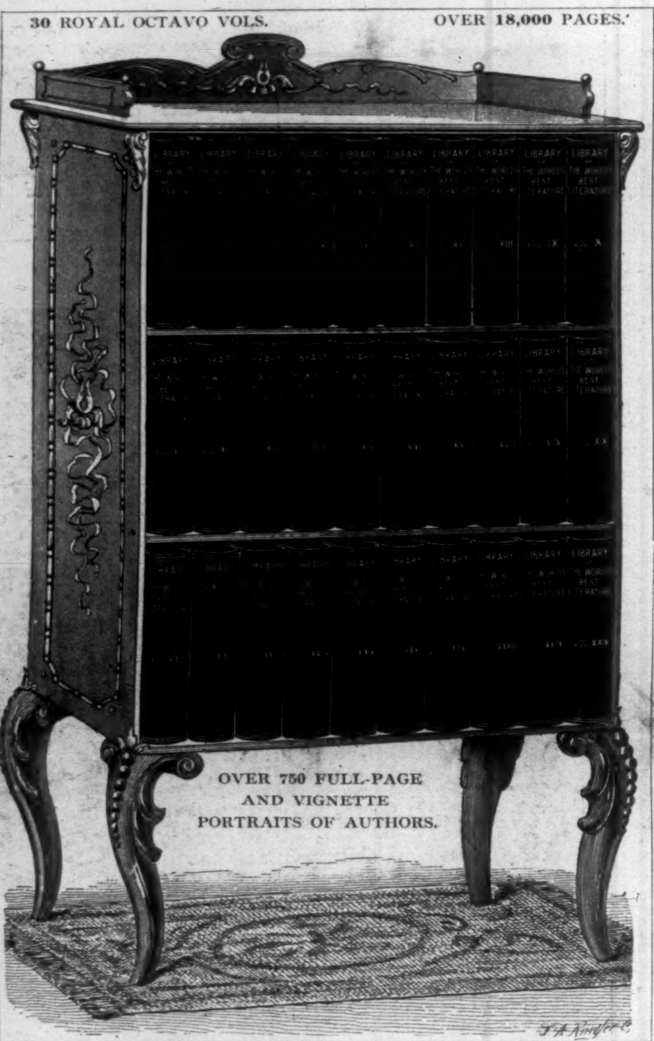
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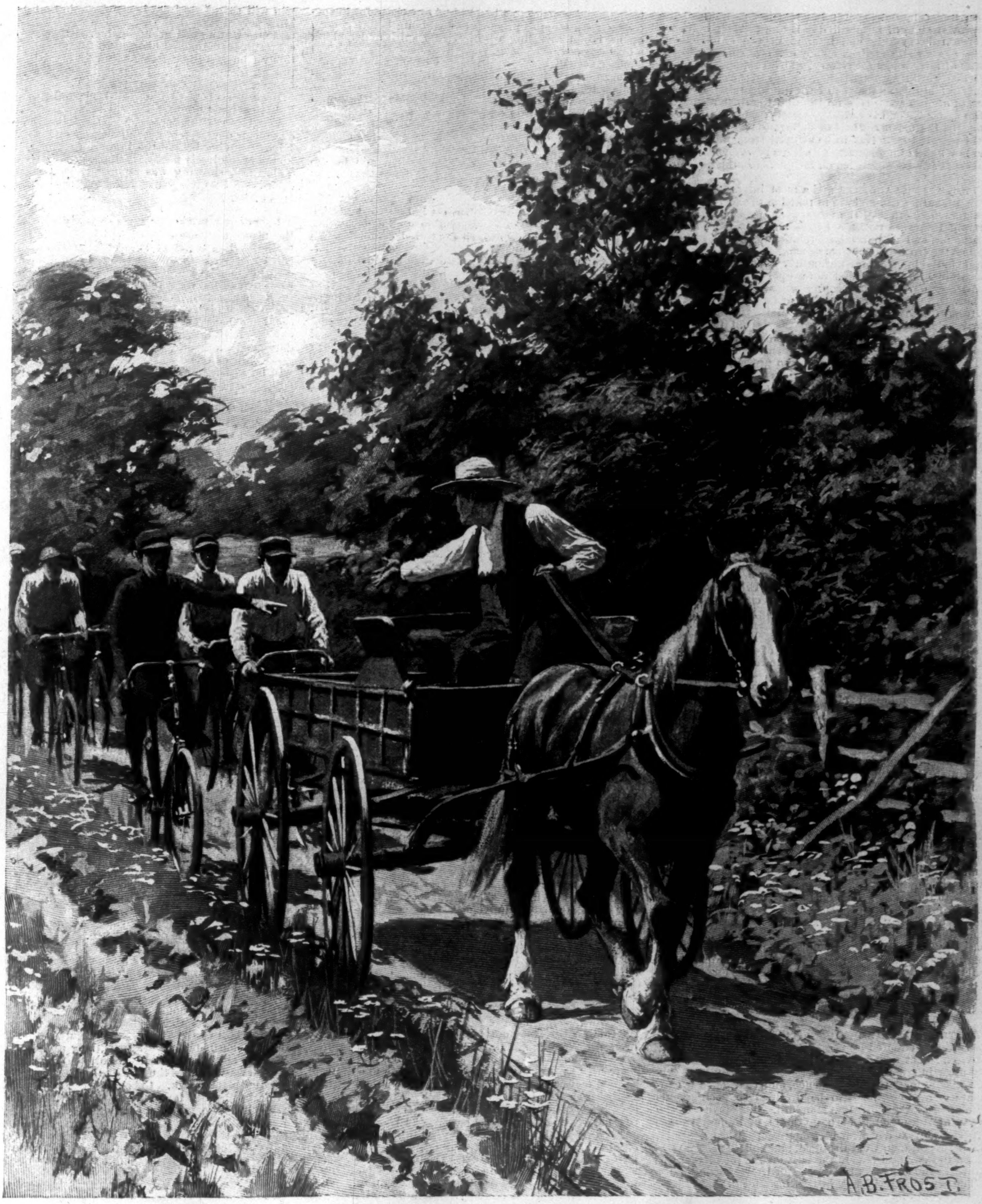

THE RIGHT OF WAY.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE FOOTBALL SEASON opens in the clearest atmosphere of the last half-dozen years of its life. The outcry against the game, raised two years ago by the ignorant and the prejudiced, was hushed into silence last year by its very isolation, and the continuation of the game this year on conservative lines has gained many converts for wholesome sport from among this erstwhile clamorous host. Those that yet retain prejudices nurse them in private. The promulgation of rules looking to the health of the athlete, moral and physical, the activity and wisdom of faculties and of *alumni* advisers in their application, the revision of the playing rules, have all done their share in convincing fair-minded men, whose objections to football were honest, that the game plays a desirable and a valuable part in undergraduate life. Whoso denies this argues himself ignorant. He who declares the evil of sport to outweigh its good proclaims his own lack of intelligent observation, and loses the attention of every man and woman who does observe and does think.

THERE IS NO FIELD of human endeavor entirely free of evil associations, and if we must needs vacate every house into which the devil enters at one time or another, I fear our days will be spent in the open.

The penalty of success is attack from the envious, the ignorant, the mediocre. It is human nature to be uncharitable, envious, and malicious. Our worldly struggles are daily increased by one or the other of these black beasts of life, and every game that ever achieved popularity has suffered its measure of calumny. So football had its detractors, just as bicycling is now sustaining vilification from a small though malignant band, led by a silly woman lecturer, who heralds the bicycle as the vehicle of the devil, and a menace to the virtue of womankind.

THERE IS ALWAYS ENOUGH CAUSE for honest criticism without resorting to virulence and distortion. In the field of competitive athletics there are so many elements to harmonize, so many occasions where the temptation to disregard ethics is strong, so many men and boys to control whose ethical educations are deficient, so little regard of sport for its own sake, and so strong a belief in sport for the mere sake of winning, that faculties, *alumni* advisers, and athletic officials would require supernatural powers to provide against all transgressions.

Strict rules are wise and necessary, but by no means all-sufficient. The most rigid rules do not invariably correct the professional spirit of a vicious athlete. He must follow the letter of the law, but in his disregard of the spirit he is not only an offence to amateur sport, but a missionary of corruption, whose influence on his associates is most harmful.

It is therefore the inculcation of the amateur spirit to which our faculties and *alumni* should address themselves—the spirit that teaches, as President Schurman once said, the true end of sport to be not victory, but the thrill of honorably contending for it, the spirit that breathes self-respect and honesty and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the essence of the amateur and the conscience of the sportsman.

SUCH A SPIRIT IS NOT IMPLANTED by rule. It is inherent, or it is absorbed from example and influence. And herein rests the gravest responsibility of faculties and *alumni*. Until within the last three years faculties have been indifferent, fearful of the charge of "interference"

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with undergraduate sport; but that has passed, and the improved state of affairs to-day is due to their influence in the rule-making and interest in the enforcement. They can go still farther. They can rise superior to the stress of inter-collegiate rivalry, which frequently leads to the disregard (for a particular event) of principles previously laid down; they can curb the ill-advised enthusiasm of *alumni* who have no thought for their respective *alma mater* beyond her athletic victory; they should at all times be the balance-wheel of collegiate sport, and at no time permit themselves to be swayed from the spirit of the law by the importunate pleadings of *alumni* for suspension of faculty sentence on members of athletic teams.

THERE IS YET ANOTHER and a most important field in which faculties can and are in position to exert a restrictive influence,—that of the newspaper correspondent. If computation were possible, I have no doubt more college heartaches and more strained relations could be charged against the truth-ignoring correspondent than to any other single individual. Those unfamiliar with the workings of the present-day sensational newspaper cannot, of course, know how unreliable the source whence the stuff comes, or how little the care of the effect of its publication.

Alumni in town may pursue slander until the untrustworthiness of the source is discovered; but the undergraduate reads, believes, and is embittered against the college of the malevolent correspondent.

Truth is always a good doctrine to preach, and can be considered as properly within the curriculum of any institution. All this bears with utmost significance on the manly amateur spirit, of which we have much need in our inter-collegiate athletics.

PRINCETON HAS RECENTLY FURNISHED a splendid exhibition of this amateur spirit in her official renouncement of three "induced" athletes. It is so commendable in its results and influence, and shows so strong a case of ill-directed *alumni* enthusiasm, to speak mildly, as to be worthy of recital. It seems that last summer Kilpatrick, a student of Union College and holder of the half-mile running record, Palmer, a promising athlete of Grinnell (Iowa) College, and Cregan, a half-mile runner and member of the New York Athletic Club, were approached by an ex-captain of a Princeton track-athletic team (whose name I do not mention because he has been sufficiently disgraced) and persuaded to go down to Princeton for the autumn term. This ex-captain, without consultation with any one in authority at Princeton, acting, in fact, entirely on his own responsibility, promised these men free scholarships, board, and I know not what all. He gave them a letter of introduction to the president of the athletic association, and on the opening of the term they presented themselves. When Kilpatrick, Cregan, and Palmer made known what they had been promised, they were informed that the ex-captain had acted without authority, and that they were not desired on such conditions or any other differing from those to which every entering student was entitled at Princeton.

FOLLOWING UPON THIS ANNOUNCEMENT, the Princeton Executive Committee passed the following resolution to provide against further pernicious recruiting by over-zealous graduates: "That no man who has attended recitations or lectures in any other college or university shall be eligible to represent Princeton in any branch of inter-collegiate sports, unless he has been a *bona fide* student in Princeton one full year."

It is only fair to Kilpatrick to say that he passed his examinations for the Sophomore class successfully, and intends remaining at Princeton, although he will not be eligible to represent Princeton in the inter-collegiate athletic championships until May, '98. This is a very fair sample of how "induced" athletes are gathered, and Princeton's action is evidence of the wholesome spirit gradually spreading throughout our universities. The most pleasing feature of the incident was the unanimous disapproval by the undergraduate body of the ex-captain's method of recruiting. When the students are in sympathy with wholesome athletics, we may look to the future with confidence.

ANOTHER WORTHY RULING of the current year was that recently adopted by the University of Pennsylvania, providing that a man may not become a candidate for any athletic team whose scholarship is not up to a certain given standard of excellence, and that, once a candidate or member, he is to be dropped so soon as his scholarship falls below that standard. This is one of the wisest of rules, and is born, no doubt, of Pennsylvania's experience with her crew at Poughkeepsie last summer, when several men were dropped, and subsequently reinstated to their positions in the boat on the plea that without them the crew would be disrupted.

The pertinent criticism in this instance is that faculty action should have come at the eleventh hour. If there were men on that crew whose scholarship was questionable, they should never have been permitted to go to Poughkeepsie until their eligibility was settled beyond peradventure. The man who is failing to maintain his standing in the class-room is known before the end of the term—or at least should be if professors are properly fulfilling their duties. An athlete should not be allowed to offer himself for any team or crew unless his class-room record is unassailable. The determination of Pennsylvania, therefore, to raise a standard of scholarly excellence is most commendable; it gives assurance of worthier teams, and should be adopted by all other universities.

IF THERE IS MUCH TO PRAISE in this worthy provision, there is more to condemn in the unwholesomeness of Pennsylvania's preliminary football practice: in the spirit of it, in the evidence thus given of viewing the game and the preparation for it rather as a business than as a sport. Pennsylvania may make rules upon rules, and issue declaration after declaration, and yet will there be no confidence in her good intent so long as the very spirit of the amateur is so unmistakably disregarded as it is in this preliminary football training.

THIS IS NOT THE SPIRIT OF SPORTSMANSHIP that thrills under the glory of honorably contesting for victory; it is the spirit of the professional, to whom victory is everything, and the game mere means to that end.

If to take twenty-two football candidates and their trainers and coaches to a hotel hired especially for the occasion, for a month's practice and training before college opens, is not revealing a professional spirit and making a business out of football, what is its character? This is another case of a faculty losing its balance, and another instance of misdirected *alumni* enthusiasm, for Pennsylvania's athletic committee—this same committee that has been elaborating rules—is entirely responsible for the month of free board and lodging given the football candidates in return for attendance at the preliminary drilling. And the prominent men of that committee are George Wharton Pepper, Dr. J. William White, H. L. Geylin, and John Bell, gentlemen whom we believed could be depended on to teach and to insist upon the observance of the amateur spirit.

WHAT DOES RULE-MAKING become but mere ostentation if the spirit that is the very foundation of all games, rules, traditions, is absorbed through perverted channels. All the other prominent universities gave up preliminary football practice two years ago, when they realized its significance, and simultaneously vetoed "summer-resort" baseball-playing. Despite the criticism of all friends of healthful college sport, despite the example and experience of older and more conservative institutions, Pennsylvania has clung to this professional method of preparing her football eleven. It is only left us, therefore, regretfully to conclude that Pennsylvania cares less for the spirit of the contest and more for the victory than any other of the colleges. When it is too late her advisers may realize their vision to have been extremely short in range.

THE MOST NOTABLE CLEARING of the athletic atmosphere is to be seen in the West. Football—indeed, all middle Western college sport—was very near total extinction last year because of a rampant professional spirit that had ranged through nearly all the universities, leaving corruption in its wake. The scandals following the exposure of professionalism in football would have totally wrecked any game except one so firmly established in the affections of sportsmen. The meeting last winter, in Chicago, of representatives from the faculties of the universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Chicago, Illinois, Northwestern, and Lake Forest, their exhaustive discussion of the situation, and suggestion of rules to purify it, marked the beginning of a new and clarified era in Western college sport. Not only these college faculties, but the best element throughout the whole West, revolted at the professional spirit which had pervaded amateur sport.

We had marked evidences of the improvement in track athletics and in baseball during the past season, and the opening football season promises to give further evidence of the final attainment of a healthful condition. We have noted Wisconsin's defection from its own rules, also that of the University of Cincinnati, but reserve comment for next week.

THE SEASON IS NOT FAR ENOUGH advanced to enter upon a very serious or elaborate criticism of the various teams. Which suggests the thought that considerable injustice is always done football candidates in the opening weeks of the season by the warmth with which they are held to account for their necessarily imperfect play. To read what is sent out of these elevens one would imagine it the last week before their most important game, rather than the season's first couple of weeks, when everything is in a state of transition.

This season does not differ from another. There is about the same proportion of veterans in the return of players, and there is prospect of elevens from every one of the leading universities equal to the average standard of excellence, though at present it looks as if Harvard is the only one of the larger universities that will have a better team than the one representing it in 1895. This is not particularly because the material at Harvard is so much better than it was last year or than that at any other university, but because there seems to be assurance of able and more systematic coaching and harmony among all those concerned with the preparation of the team. For the others—it is not probable Yale and Pennsylvania will have such strong teams as last year; and Princeton, with hard work, should turn out an eleven about as good as in '95, though we hope not to see another such waste of strength as on Manhattan Field against Yale last autumn.

OF THE SMALLER COLLEGES, Lafayette has an unusually good team, and one certain to play close games with the strongest elevens in the country. Brown's team has not thus far shown the promise of last year's eleven. The two national academies—Annapolis and West Point—are, as usual, represented by hard-playing teams, well grounded in the science of football, and equal to making an interesting contest with the best.

At Amherst football prospects appear to be clouded, owing to the scholarly deficiencies of its players; and I regret to note that the commendable action of the faculty, in declining permission to play to men behind in their studies, instead of receiving the support of the undergraduates, is being harshly criticised. Amherst is to be congratulated on having a faculty so thoroughly in sympathy with the rightful place of sport, and courageous enough to proclaim it even in the face of undergraduate discontent. We need a few more such faculties.

YALE BEGINS THE SEASON with probably more important places on her team to fill than any other college. She loses a centre, a guard, both half-backs, and full-back. But this does not argue that Yale will be unequal to the task of supplying the deficiencies, for last year when the season opened she had of the previous year's 'varsity but a single man in the line and two back of it—three in all. The situation is much better this year, for of the '95 'varsity, both tackles and ends, one guard, and the quarter are back, and each is a superior man in his position. For the centre there are Chamberlain and McFarland, the former a promising man and the latter a substitute in '95. Murray, who is trying for guard, was candidate for tackle last year, and is an experienced player. There are, besides, Drummond and Sutphen, both promising.

There need be no apprehension of a weak line at New Haven. It will, in fact, be very strong, besides having behind it one of the best quarter-backs of the year in Fincke. Behind the line Yale's case is serious though not desperate. Thorne, Jerrems, Letton, and DeWitt cannot be duplicated, but Mills, Van Every, Benjamin, and Goodwin will save Yale from being weak in that department. Mills played some last year, and is experienced. Benjamin also was a good ground-gainer last year. Goodwin, a Freshman, captained his Andover team, and plays hard, though he is rather light. Van Every is a new man, though inexperienced. He promises to be a strong line-bucker.

Hinkey has been playing full-back, and although rather light for line-plunging, he will surely prove a valuable man in that position for his kicking and tackling. If Hazen or Connor develops into a satisfactory end, the chances of Hinkey staying behind the line are excellent. One good kicker is absolutely necessary in the present style of game. Yale's best showing was against Brown, whom she defeated—18–0—giving substantial evidence of the possibilities of her line.

PRINCETON DOES NOT LOSE so many men as Yale, but the places of those missing will be hard to fill. Such a tackle as Lea is not at Princeton, or elsewhere, indeed, and two guards so good as Riggs and Rhoades will be difficult to develop. The candidates for these places have revealed no form as yet to stamp them as worthy successors. Edwards has the physique, but has failed thus far to show high conception of the position. Tyler has oscillated between tackle and guard, and is only fair at either. Hildebrand and Booth are two new tackle candidates, and promising. Church may be counted on to take good care of one tackle, and Thompson and Cochrane will be satisfactory on the ends. Armstrong, who played half-back last year, is being tried for guard, and ought to be whipped into a good one. Gailey should end the season as the strongest centre of the year.

Back of the line Princeton has all the men she had last year, and several more. These are Suter, quarter of last year; Nelson Poe, substitute quarter for two years; and Smith, who has been a quarter candidate for several years. At half are Kelly, Bannard, Rosengarten, all of last year, and another of the Poe family—Arthur, with the football stuff in him, as all the Poes have, but very light.

At full-back, Baird is fulfilling the promise of last year, though he has much to do yet to complete it, and Wheeler is keeping Baird working. Until the second half of the game with the Carlisle Indian School, Princeton had given no evidence of team-work this season, although they played hard in the 0–0 Lafayette game. Considering the experienced material, Princeton should have a well-rounded, strong team, but it will be necessary to guard against the overconfidence that at Princeton, more than elsewhere, seems to go hand in hand with veteran material.

HARVARD'S LINE OUGHT TO BE STRONG, even so early, for of last year's team there are F. Shaw, centre; J. E. N. Shaw, guard; Haughton and Donald, tackles; and Cabot, end, while the candidates are numerous, and some of them, especially for end, exceptionally promising. Lewis, a new man, and rather light, has been putting up a most creditable game at end, and Moulton did likewise against the Newton Athletic Club. For the one guard position, there is Sargent, a Groton star, who has done excellent work, and has it in him to do better; then there are Wheeler, an old 'varsity man, who played against Yale in '94, and Jaffray of last year's substitute list, and Bouve, a new man, who has done fairly.

The material for tackles averages fair, and yet the showing at these positions is probably poorest in the line. Harvard was weak in both tackle positions last year, and it will take a lot of hard work to keep from being so this year. Besides Donald and Haughton, are Merriman of the '95 squad, Mills and Barney, captains of their St. Marks and Roxbury Latin School teams, and Swain of Malden School. F. Shaw is not likely to be disturbed at centre, certainly not by any of the present candidates—Doucette, Hoague, and Lloyd, of whom the first is the best, and all players of experience.

BEHIND THE LINE there is, as usual at Harvard, abundant material, and pretty much all of it good. Beale, last year's quarter, will most likely fill the position again—although he has never done so to entire satisfaction—unless Cochrane should attain 'varsity form. Of the half-backs, Captain Wrightington is not only Harvard's best, but the best of the year. Sullivan, a new man, has been doing some notable work, and there are Dunlop, an old 'varsity sub, Cozzens, Livermore, Warren, and Dayton. In Harvard's games thus far the half-backs have done by far the better work. Cabot at present is playing full-back, but he will in all likelihood give way to R. Brown, who has had considerable experience, and is a better man in the position than Cabot, while the latter has no superior at end in the country. If the most is made out of Harvard's material, her score should be much more satisfactory at the end of this season than it was on the close of last.

IF PENNSYLVANIA'S TEAM DEVELOPS so strong a game as that of last year, some extraordinary work must be done. For a team having had a month's preliminary training and practice, the football shown thus far has been pretty poor. Of last year's team there are Wharton, Woodruff, Farrar, Dickson, Boyle, Minds, and Gelbert, which leaves a centre, tackle, quarter, and full-back to be developed, and unless I am much mistaken, Pennsylvania will have a difficult time getting that piston-rod of an eleven — the centre, quarter-back, and full-back — into smooth effective working. Her guards will be the strongest on the field, and her half-backs, considered individually, also strong, and her ends satisfactory. The material for the vacancies is excellent. For centre Stannard, a substitute of two years' standing, and Overfield, who played guard on the Mansfield State Normal School. For tackle are Uffenheimer, a medical student, who played on the Orange A. C. team last autumn, and did only fairly, and McCracken from a Kansas State normal school. Hedges is playing end, and though light, is the best tackler on the field. A. K. Dickson and S. Goodman are essaying to fill Carl Williams's place at quarter, and are both doing but fairly. Jackson, who played 1st base on the nine, but is green to football, and Morice, full-back of the '95 Freshman eleven, are trying for full-back. Jackson is a line-bucker and kicks fairly. Morice kicks well and runs strongly in an open field, but has no relish for line-bucking.

It will be unfair to comment critically on the college elevens until they have had another week of work.

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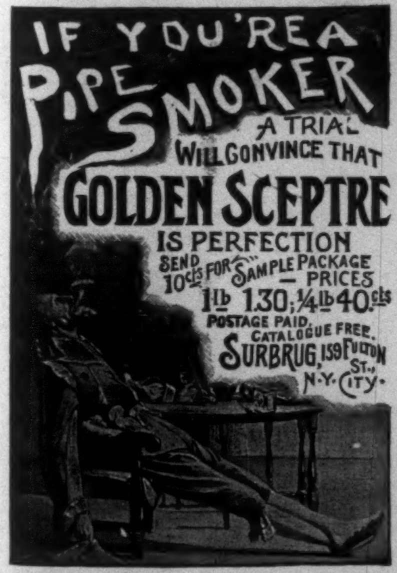
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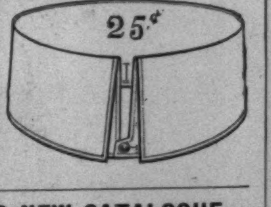

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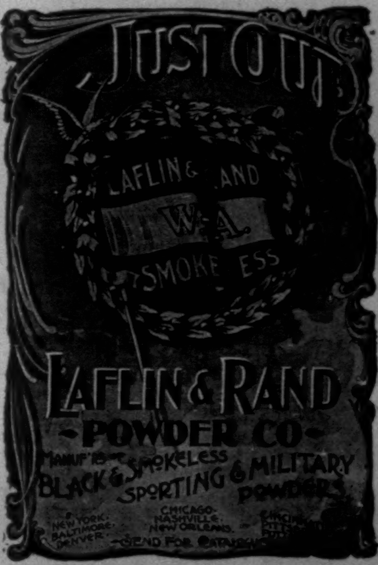
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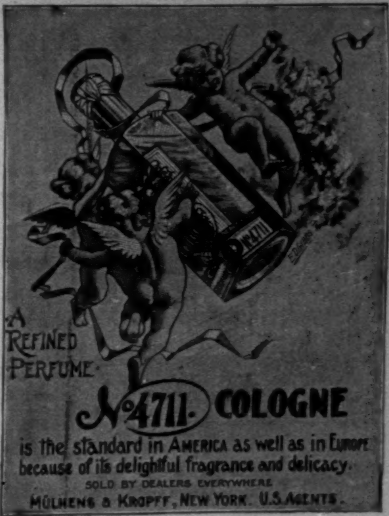
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